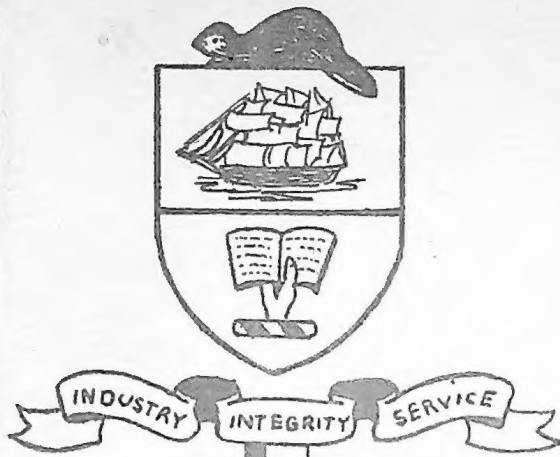


A. P. Sloat



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The

ARGOSY

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CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

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T H O R O U G H T R A I N I N G

MEANS

S U P E R I O R P O S I T I O N S !

Always remember that the young men and young women holding good positions today are **TRAINED** for their work. They did not drift into these good positions.

The Canada has only one training that thorough grounding in **Business Essentials** which fits for promotion.

C A N A D A B U S I N E S S C O L L E G E

MAIN AT HUGHSON STREET

R. E. CLEMENS, Principal

The Staff and Students
of the
Central High School of Commerce
dedicate
this edition of
The Argosy
To Hamilton on its
One Hundredth Anniversary
as a city.



Our Glorious Dead

*They have fought a good fight,
They have finished their course,
They have kept the faith;
Therefore there are laid up for them
Crowns of righteousness.*

●

ADAMSON, JACK
AXFORD, CECIL
BERRY, LLOYD
BERRYMAN, JACK
BERRYMAN, STUART
BIRD, JAMES
BROKER, ALFRED
BUTLAND, FRED
CARTER, JAMES
DICK, JAMES
ELLIOTT, GEORGE
HALLIDAY, ROBERT
JONES, JOHN
KUREK, STANLEY
LANE, HARVEY
LISSON, WILLIAM

MARLOW, ARTHUR
MCCOMB, ROY
MCKAY, ROBERT
MCLEISH, ALEX.
MCLEOD, DONALD
MACLEOD, NORMAN
MOYES, LORNE
PATTERSON, KENNETH
PICKARD, DAVID
PIRIE, JOHN
RATTRAY, NORMAN
RAWBONE, WALTER
SKERRETT, DONALD
STEWART, JACK
TRAIN, JOHN
WARNICK, EUGENE

WARWICK, MURRAY

Foreword

DURING the opening months of school, rumours were flying through the halls that the Central High School of Commerce was to have a school magazine once again. Many students did not think this possible, but the final confirmation by our principal, Mr. Price, caused even these disbelievers to throw up their hands in joy. This news was especially welcomed by the grade XII students, who were hoping against hope that such a magazine would be published before they left finally for the business world.

Our magazine is being circulated very late in the season partly because we got off to a late start and partly because some war-time restrictions still exist. We hope that you will overlook this slight delay, and we feel certain that because of it you will enjoy the magazine twice as much.

Following the formal announcement at assembly regarding THE ARGOSY staff, we set to work immediately and soon began to canvass for material. At first our pleas were in vain, for the students seemed reluctant to make contributions. With the conclusion of the Easter examinations, however, we received so much material that it took several members of the staff fully a week to get it sorted out, typed, and ready for the printer.

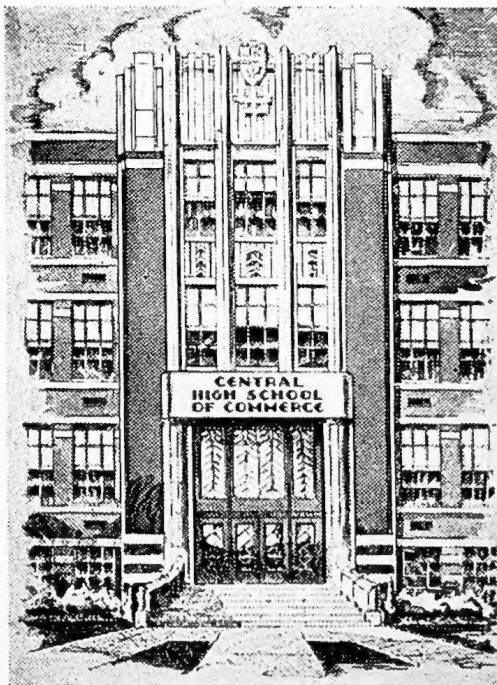
Special thanks must go to the artists who so laboriously drew our posters and cartoons, the members of the advertising committee who worked tirelessly in soliciting advertisements for the magazine, and to all those who contributed any literary material, jokes, pictures, or form news. Because of insufficient space, we have had to change or omit some of this material, but we hope that the contributors will not be displeased with the final result.

THE ARGOSY staff have worked very hard this year to give you of the student body a better magazine. We have spared neither money nor effort in gathering together the prize-winning essays and poems written by our students as well as all the noteworthy events that have occurred in the school during the past year. Thus it is with pride that we offer to you the first peacetime edition of THE ARGOSY and sincerely hope that you will enjoy reading it as much as we have enjoyed publishing it.

—MARY HALAYKO, 12B,
Editor.



The Argosy



HAMILTON, CANADA

Volume Eight
1 9 4 6



GORDON E. PRICE, M.A., Principal

THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

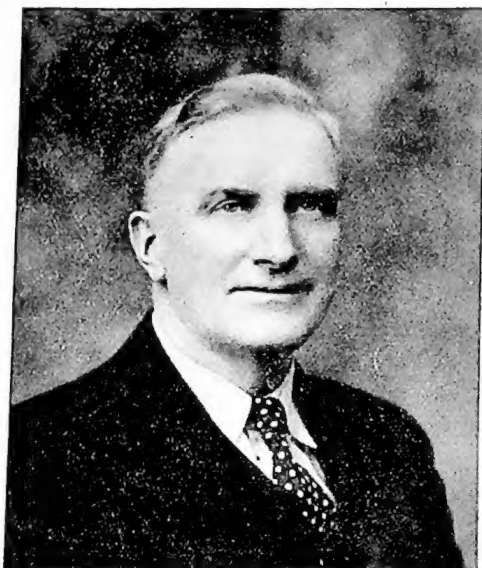
It is six years since THE ARGOSY was last published. During those years, the world has been torn by conflict. The youth of our country, including many of our own students, have fought and died that our way of life might prevail.

Peace has now come. It was bought dearly; it must be guarded and cherished accordingly. That responsibility and the hope for a better world rest ultimately with the youth of to-day. You, as students, can do your part by living up to the Christian democratic principles for which the youth of yesterday fought.

In a world where intolerance and prejudice have been rampant, I urge each of you to be tolerant and considerate. Be glad that you are a Canadian, but recognize the virtues and achievements of other countries. Be proud of your racial origin, but realize that there is no "master race" and that a person must be judged by what he does and by what he stands for, rather than by the accident of his birth. Be faithful to your own religion, but respect the rights of others to worship God according to their own beliefs.

The great Teacher of all time once taught us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. If everyone would accept that principle and pattern his life around it, this would be a better world in which to live, and those who so recently made the supreme sacrifice would not have died in vain.

Gordon E. Price, M.A.



GIRLS and Boys of the High School of Commerce, hearty felicitations and sincere good wishes for the success of THE ARGOSY.

You are in a junior branch of journalism and high principles must guide you. Your responsibilities, I am sure, will be discharged with the high purposes of good journalism.

I extend best wishes to the graduating class and wish them a happy future.

Sam Lawrence

Mayor of Hamilton





(Turn to page 33 for key to pictures)



Business Staff of "The Argosy"

Business Manager	Harvey Fry
Assistant Business Manager	John Edwards
Business Advisers	Mr. G. A. Purdy Dr. A. H. Wingfield

ADVERTISING STAFF

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Muriel Dundas	Pat Such	Marion Stevenson
Georgia Bevan	Audrey Truscott	Bill Clark
	Dave Bradley	



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Assistant Editor	Vivian Skrybalo
Assistant Editor	Harvey Fry
Girls' Athletics	Magdalene Toth
Alumni	Marion Sheldrake, Dorothy Reynolds
Boys' Athletics	Jack Shipley
Exchanges	Maria Podetz
Music and Drama	Irene Huszcza
Social	Jackie Roth
Humour	Frances Glazer, Donna Willrich
Art	Carl Andreeff

Special Form Reporters

George Knox	Joan Hill	Jenny Sosulski	Norma Jones
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D. Hannam	H. Krawiec	M. Mori
L. Nicholson	L. Scott	R. Sheppard
J. Smith	M. Toth	E. Walton
F. Walton	M. Zasada	M. Laidman

Literary Advisers

Mr. J. W. Riseborough	Miss H. M. Dodds
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HAMILTON'S CENTENNIAL

This year, 1946, marks the 100th Anniversary of Hamilton's incorporation as a city, and before outlining the interesting events which will make up our Centennial celebration, I should like to tell you briefly something about the history of Hamilton.

In 1812, when war broke out between Great Britain and the United States, there moved from Niagara-on-the-Lake, George Hamilton, a man whom we now know as the Founder of Hamilton. He purchased a tract of land bounded on two sides by the mountain and King Street, and by James Street and Wellington Street on the others. The next year, 1813, Hamilton divided his farm into lots and thus a little town began to grow. On the 9th of June, 1846, Hamilton was incorporated as a city with a population of 6,832. Since then it has grown steadily in size and importance, and today the population has reached the 175,000 mark.

Hamilton is a beautiful city with many points of interest. To the north we find Hamilton Bay; to the west, a bird's-eye-view of Dundas Valley; to the east we find Burlington Beach; and to the southeast, "The Fruit Garden of Canada", which is not surpassed by any other on the American continent. People from all over the world come to view this great garden in all its glory.

Hamilton, known as the "Ambitious City", has achieved this title through the ability of her citizens to combine shrewd business instinct with civic co-operation. To-day, she has more than four hundred thriving industries. Hamilton may well be called the "City of Opportunity", and we are right in thinking that she is destined to become one of the foremost cities on this continent.

There has been some confusion as to the exact date marking Hamilton's 100th birthday. Many may recall a centennial celebration held in Hamilton in 1913. That was held to mark the anniversary of the city's founding as a settlement. This year, 1946, commemorates the anniversary of Hamilton's incorporation as a city.

The celebration, which everyone has been looking forward to, will be a never-to-be-forgotten one, lasting from July 1 to July 7. Attractive signs and archways at the entrances to the city will tell motorists of the event. Hamilton's Centennial will be publicized in all the larger centres in Canada and the United States, particularly where former Hamiltonians are known to have taken up residence. Business firms have been asked to put an attractive sticker on letters being mailed out of the city.

The programme itself includes sports, air activities, public addresses, religious services, parades, an industrial exhibition, a military day, pageants, and a veterans' reunion. Carnivals are to be held daily, and there will also be a general Old Home Week programme.

A beauty contest to choose "Miss Centennial" will be one of the highlights. The lucky girl who is chosen is in store for an all-expenses-paid trip to Hollywood.

For visitors who prefer seeing Hamilton from the water, there will be a daily two-hour "Centennial Sail" aboard the S.S. Hamiltonian. This cruise includes dancing "by the light of the moon".

Not only city folk will participate in this gala celebration, but also farmers and gardeners from surrounding districts will be called upon to take an active part. There will be cash prizes for various exhibits on the market, which will be the scene of considerable activity.

A week-long exhibition of handicrafts will be shown at the Alexandra Academy. During the Dominion Day parade, the Chinese are planning to put on their famous dragon dance, which should be one of the most interesting events.

As many as 50,000 ex-Hamiltonians are expected to return to Hamilton to observe this historical event, and when they depart, I am sure it will be with a feeling of having seen a celebration that will long be remembered as an outstanding milestone in the history of Hamilton, "the Ambitious City".

VIVIAN SKRYBALO, 11B.

Graduates



Elizabeth Bates—No. 1 basketball fiend of the Commerce graduating class. Elizabeth has no ambition but to meet her idol—Cravel Gertie.

Georgia Bevan—Our own bright radio star. Georgia hates poor dancing partners, so brush up on your fancy foot work, fellas!

Jenny Bochenek—"Jenny made her mind up," the old song goes, and this Jenny certainly did. Commerce is really proud of her prize student.

Betty Cleghorn—Betty's our social siren. We all hope Betty's boss doesn't peel his oranges with his fingers.

June Cowell—There's mischief in them thar eyes, but we know June's going to make some employer mighty happy.

Mary Dedridge—Mary's our "holy doodle" girl. Her ambition is to meet Ronald Reagan. Here's luck to her!

Muriel Dundas—A little birdie told us that Muriel, believe it or not, is happy about leaving school! Matrimony is her prime object. Happy hunting, Muriel.

Audrey Edwards—Audry can't decide whether she wants to be a lawyer or marry one. Here's one girl who could do either. Luck to our very popular president!

Lois Gerrard—Betty Hutton's closest rival. Where does she get all that pep? She's our original "Bobalcebah" girl.

Lorraine Gibson—Lorraine is our favourite saleslady. We'll really miss her familiar "next, please" in the book store.

Frances Glazer—Miss Glazer is one of our few and far between English experts. Her future boss better know his grammar!

Joan Greenhalgh—We're afraid the only thing Joan will miss about school is Mr. Purdy's brown eyes—and who can blame her?

Doreen Hannam—Irma Wright, look out! Doreen's 70 words a minute is a threat to anyone's record.

Marjorie Hedges—Marjorie's secret yen is for a nursing career—who knows, maybe she'll get her chance after those wedding bells.

Helen Krawic—Whose ambition to be a nurse doesn't agree with her pet saying, "Oh, you farmer!"

Jacqueline Norton—That Jackie—she just bubbles! We wonder if she swallowed a box of vitamin pills.

Adele Pearson—Adele of the many questions. She's going to keep some employer on his toes.

Patricia Such—The girl who won a date with Harvey Fry. Pat has set journalism as her goal. Here's hoping she attains it.

of 1946

Audrey Thomson—Here's one girl who would rather swim Niagara than endure an English composition class. Her ambition is to be a nurse.

Audrey Truscott—She still thrills to the moment when Mr. Riseborough called her "Audrey". We hope she fulfils that ambition to be an air hostess.

Eleanor Walton—The only girl in the graduating class with a "nom de plume"—"Ronnie". Here's hoping her ambition, to meet Ingrid Bergman, is realized.

Irene Wardrope—Our own Deanna Durbin. Can it be the bathtub that gives her that oh-so-mellow tone?

Mary Zasada—The girl with the lovely tan. If farming does that for you, lead us to it.

Olga Brelick—The girl who just didn't get along with Hamlet, and whose pet peeve was writing essays.

Mary Frisch—We predict that Mary's love of country life will prompt her to become a farmer's wife instead of the boss's secretary.

Gertrude Gracey—Our cute little fashion plate will do well in any office. She's just the right size for the boss's knee.

Mary Halayko—A prospective school marm whose greatest thrill was being appointed the editor of the ARGOSY. (So she says).

Margaret Hamilton—Whose greatest love is horses and whose pet peeve is "men". Do you think you could make her change her mind, boys?

Betty Hart—Our ALWAYS-IN-A-RUSH GIRL, who plays basketball like nobody else you ever saw!

Joyce Howard—Her favourite saying is "I don't know", but for some strange reason Mr. Riseborough would never agree with her.

Irene Huszcza—The girl whose ambition is to become a second Pavlova. Good luck, Irene!

Lorraine Johnson—Lorraine is still waiting for her big moment. Incidentally, she is very much in love with her job.

Mary Jane Laidman—The glamour girl of 12B, who had such BRIGHT ideas about 1946 fashions.

Mary Mark—"Oh, brother!" is her favourite saying; homework is her pet peeve; sleeping till noon is her ambition!

Joan McKay—our IDEA GIRL, whose favourite saying is "Isn't that dumb!" and whose favourite pastime is Art Johnson.

Mary Mori—Mary has always been noted for her dependability. We know that she will be a success in any office.



Graduates



Lorraine Nicholson—The FLORIDA GAL whose heart belongs to Ronald Colman.

Georgia Norman—The girl who knits diamond socks for her boy friend. Lucky boy.

Joyce Palmer—The girl whose ambition is to learn to cook. We might be in for a treat one of these days, girls.

Gloria Palychuk—The BODY of 12B whose favourite pastime is worrying, and whose ambition is to become a female Rockefeller.

Grace Rowette—The SUNSHINE GIRL of 12B whose heart belongs to the farm.

Jean Roy—The girl with the Zip! Vim! and Vitality! A good agent for vitamin pills.

Lois Scott—The LITTLE SECRETARY! But could she help it if Keats and Shelly did not speak her language?

Jo Smith—A perspective housewife with three little "Jacks" and a "Jo".

Marion Stevenson—Miss Lorraway's pet (peeve) whose secret ambition is to become an authoress. Loads of luck, Marion!

Jeananne Tompsett—The CLEOPATRA with red hair of 12B, whose greatest thrill was hearing Malcuzyński play the "Polonaise."

Magdalene Toth—Miss Lorraway's GIRL FRIDAY, whose ambition is to make Mr. Hutton proud of her.

Frances Walton—Whose ambition is to become an office executive. We have a feeling that she will accomplish her goal.

Mary Whitmore—One of the top notch members of the ARGOSY's advertising committee. Her real interest, however, is "Bob".

Donna Willrich—The wit of 12B, whose greatest thrill is when HE looks at her.

Donalda Wylie—Who doesn't say much but thinks a lot. She also has a terrific sense of humour.

Eileen Young—The little miss who always looks and acts like a lady. (Hubba, hubba!)

Dave Bradley—The swoon man of all the younger girls of Commerce. Could it be his loud socks that attract them all?

Marguerite Freeman—A fourth former in the Special Class who is "Spellbound" over a certain Gregory Peck.

of 1946

Paul Kaprelian—Dave's little right-hand man who kept the class morale from falling into the depths of despair by his facetious remarks.

Florence Lyon—Who is an ardent admirer of Mr. Langford, is also a fourth former in the Special Class. Are you reading this Mr. L.?

Mary Myketa—Miss Ferguson's little messenger girl, who is spending her fifth and last year at Commerce with the Specials.

Peggy Beaty—Is an ex-Central student, and our little "pan-handler" at St. Peter's Infirmary for the Canadian Red Cross Corps.

Thomas Bishop—Delta's only male representative in the Specials. Tom's favourite hobby is reading classics.

Mary Carrigan—The Sinatra fan and glamour gal of '46 Specials who hails from Cathedral High.

Mary Darlington—was our guiding light through our long year of hard work. Best of luck to Mary at the Steel Company. Incidentally, she is a grad. of Central.

Mary Gravelle—Our one student from Dundas High School whose main reason for living is to talk about horses.

Norma Jones—(Joie), a Delta Graduate who brought her brains with her to H. S. of C., and has now taken them to Procter & Gamble. She received top honours for being first in the class. Congratulations!!

Doris Peace—Another ex-Central student who simply swoons over Dick Haymes—special note to Sinatra fans!

Helen Pritchard—Our dark-eyed beauty from Loretta who definitely likes classics, but who is not immune to a little Crosby vocal.

Dorothy Reynolds—The honour student from Burlington who had the whole class worried when her pet dog was injured by a car.

Eva Ricci—The "small-fry" of Room 204, who originally came from Cathedral, upholds the old saying—"Good things come in small packages."

Hilda Sonda—Also from Cathedral, whose spelling is not quite up to Mr. Riseborough's standards, but whose artistic ability influenced her penmanship mark to much higher than our class average.

Manuella Volny—(Mandy), one of Central's students who was an advertising agent on the ARGOSY for Mr. Purdy, who took over Dave's (swoon-man's) as well when he started work.

Mary Wardell—Another Delta Grad., who is now doing exceptionally well at the Steel Company. Best of luck!!

Elizabeth White—A Delta Graduate who was the assistant teacher in shorthand class who ably took over the dictation during the infrequent absence of Miss F.

Ruth Sheppard—The girl who desires to be a second Sonja Henie. Ruth has already been launched into her stenographic career, but here's wishing her luck just the same. (Absent when pictures were taken).





ALUMNI

By Marion Sheldrake, 11E.
Dorothy Reynolds, Sp.

Last year our students received their diplomas at a graduation in June instead of at a commencement late in the autumn. It was a memorable sight to see over fifty of our young lady students, attractive in their long white dresses, together with the young men students mount the platform to receive their diploma from Mr. J. W. Hamilton, Chairman of the Board of Education. Forty-six of the students were graduates of the four-year course which they had started in September, 1941. These students have all been placed and are busy, we hope, at work in the offices of the following businesses:

Beverley Atherton, Canadian National Railway; Norma Bennewitz, General Hospital; Edna Brezay, Frid Insurance Agency; Irene Buzak, Steel Company Limited; Donald Collens, Steel Company Limited; Dorothy Disher, Household Finance Company; Grace Divine, United Gas and Fuel Company; Elizabeth Dome, United Carr Fastener Company; Enid Dyer, International Silver Company; Theodora Edwards, Cub Aircraft Corporation; Betty Fallis, Bell Thread Company; Joy Garbutt, Hoover Company; Lois Gibb, Tourquot Candy Company; Ruth Harrison, Steel Company Limited; Joyce Hunter, Steel Company Limited; Loreen Husk, Wagstaffe Company; Vivian Jones, Bell

Telephone Company; Etty Katz, Monarch Insurance Company; Elizabeth Larrett, Steel Company Limited; Margaret Lewis, General Hospital; Eileen Littledale, Spratt and Company Fire Insurance; Mary Lubiscak, remaining at home; Jean Macaulay, Christilaw and Gage; Donna MacCarl, Steel Company Limited; Kathleen MacLeod, National Steel Car Company; Irene Marshall, London Life Insurance Company; Betty McKay, Canada Life Insurance Company; Margaret Nagy, Sun Life Insurance Company; Mary Nagy, Dominion Glass Company; Helen Palmer, Livingston Stoker Company; Norma Pirie, Steel Company Limited; Mary Powell, Canadian Westinghouse Company Limited; Grace Richards, Cohen Law Office; Sonia Sawruk, Otis-Fensom Elevator Company; Joyce Schultz, Board of Education; Genevieve Slomka, Steel Company Limited; June Sutcliffe, Great North-West Insurance; Lavinia Thompson, General Hospital; Phyllis Thomson, Ontario Beauty Supply Company; Mary Zonka, Reliable Insurance Company; Doug Beatty, Steel Company Limited; Tom Davis, North American Refractories; Pete Hoggopian, International Harvester Company; Leonard Saunders, Steel Company Limited; Ken Truesdale, International Harvester Company; Ed. Tytarenko, Delta Collegiate.

Thirteen students were graduates of the one-year special course, as a '45-'46 student, I can assure you it was a hard grade to make. Congratulations to these graduates who are now employed as follows:

Ruth Beeching, Household Finance (now married); Barbara Bright, Steel Company Limited; June Chester, Masonic Lodge; Barbara Fenton, Hamilton Credit Bureau; Geraldine Gibbons, at home; Patience Horrocks, Hamilton Credit Bureau; Vera Linton, unknown; Elizabeth Logan, Hydro Office; Marion Marshall, Johnson Lawyer Office; Joyce Murphy, Chamber of Commerce; Margaret Swann, Hydro Office; Elsie Wescott, Wolverine Company; Joseph Zasada, Steel Company Limited.

Some of the senior students who did not graduate or who left during the year are now working in the following capacities:

Shirley Haskins, Building Products Limited; Beverley Hill, Board of Education; Anne Prpich, Steel Company Limited; Elsie Ranch, Health Clinic; Margaret Thomason, International Harvester Company; Kathleen Wagner, Selective Service; Doris Whitehead, Steel Company Limited; Massis Asadoorian, unknown; Jean Dakin, Firth Brothers; Mary Evans, Canadian Bank of Commerce; Allison Freeman, Otis Fensom; Dorothy Havers, married; Pat Moore, not working because of poor health; Marion Rees, Otis Fensom; Josephine Simpson, Fearman Company; Irene Swanson, Steel Company Limited; Mary Thomas, Schelter and Schelter; Hilda Illsey, Canadian Bank of Commerce; William Patterson, Dominion Glass; Margaret Bird, City Hall Office; Eileen Hamilton, Bell Telephone Company, operator; Mildred Hawes, Dominion Foundries and Steel; Gladys Hudecki, Canadian Bank of Commerce; Mary Lusted, Royal Bank of Canada; Kathleen Mack, Confederation Life Insurance; Joyce Van Sickel, Anthony Display Company; Marie Wilbur, Worthington Real Estate.

—o—

Mrs. Ginsberg went into the butcher shop to buy a chicken. "Do you wanna pullet?" asked the butcher.

"No," said Mrs. Ginsberg. "I'll carry it."

—o—

Donna: Why do you call your boy friend "Pilgrim?"

Val.: Because every time he calls, he makes a little progress.

COMMERCE ALUMNI ACTIVITIES

During the war years the Alumni was a very busy society, planning dances and entertainment to which members of the armed forces stationed nearby were invited. The funds from these activities were used to help defray expenses in connection with food parcels sent to former graduates serving in the armed forces overseas. The boxes were sent at Christmas each year, and many letters of thanks were received from the boys expressing their appreciation of our efforts.

During the winter of 1944 we ran several interest groups, including Current Events, Literature, Music; and Etiquette and during 1945 a Badminton Club was organized.

Our annual banquets were held during the war years, thus giving us an opportunity to renew acquaintances with former classmates. Plans are at present under way for this year's banquet which will be held on June 6, and which promises to be a huge success.

Present members of the Alumni Executive for 1945-6 are:

President, June Carey; Secretary, Josene Daws; Treasurer, Norma Pirie; Year Reps., '40-'41, Jean McKay; '41-'42, Agnes Hunter; '42-'43, Ruth Peacock; '43-'44, Jessie Thomson; '44-'45, Irene Marshall.



THE PERFECT MAN

Authority	Mr. Price
Hair	Mr. Donaldson
Clothes	Mr. Riseborough
Physique	Mr. Purdy
Height	Dr. Wingfield
Smile	Mr. Hutton
Jovialness	Mr. Pugh
Bashfulness	Mr. Day
Efficiency	Mr. Langford

—o—

The barbershop quartette broke into a rendition of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling". One of the guests burst into tears.

"I didn't know you were Irish," said his surprised host.

"I'm not," sobbed the guest. "I'm a musician."

NEEWA

The wind howled under the eaves of the old cabin on the outskirts of Capreol, and moaned dismally through the pines. Sleet rattled on the window-panes but served only to emphasize the warmth of the interior. The fire hissed and sputtered and threw a warm glow over the room.

I was aroused suddenly from my reverie by a loud thumping at the door. As I yelled, "Come in!" the door burst open, and a snow-covered figure, accompanied by a blast of icy air and wet snow, stamped in. Under the film of snow I identified the ruddy countenance of Cyrus Lang, one of the early Canadian settlers.

"Whew, Jack, me lad!" gasped Cyrus, as he extended his cold hands to the welcome heat of the fire. "It's as cold and miserable a night as ever I did see. Reminds me of a time I was trappin' furs up north." With this remark he settled in a chair by the fire and proceeded to light his pipe.

Suddenly I realized that Cyrus was in the mood for a story of his early days in Canada. I gave a shrill whistle, and the others—Frank, Bob, and Jennifer—rushed into the room.

"It was in '89," he began, as he puffed contentedly. "I was trappin' up around Churchill and I got me a new team of sled dogs. Best team I ever had, 'ceptin' for one dog. He was the most ornery critter I ever saw.

"There was quite a blizzard at that time, and just as it started to quiet down, the dogs broke loose. I went out to feed them. They were all there except one — Neewa.

"Well, I needed all my dogs or I woulda let him go. I started out and followed his trail. About a mile from camp I lost it. I hollered and whistled, and in about fifteen minutes I heard a whimper. When I got there, I found Neewa in one of my lynx traps. He was tryin' to chew his paw loose from the trap.

"Well, he was a good strong dog, and I didn't want to lose him. When I went up to free him, he growled and snapped at me at first, but when he saw I was tryin' to get him loose, he just whimpered and lay quiet.

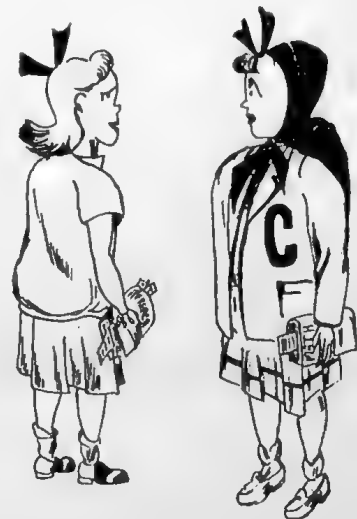
"Just then I heard something panting and snuffing along my trail. I turned around quick and pulled my gun, thinking maybe there was a wolf on my trail. I was mighty surprised to see that Niki, my lead dog, had trailed me. I guess she knew something was wrong and I'd need help.

"After I got Neewa out, I cut two saplings and made a travois. I put Neewa on it, and Niki pulled him home. Neewa's paw healed up in time, and he grew to be as good as ever. About two months later when Niki was killed by a wolf pack, Neewa became my lead dog. He never snapped or bit at me any more, but followed me around like a lap dog."

As the old trapper stopped, he gazed into the fire with a far-away look in his eyes. I knew, as did Frank, Bob, and Jennifer, that he was living those days over again, tramping through the white wilderness of the North with Neewa.

The wind howled outside the cabin, and then, in a sudden lull, we heard a faint noise like the baying of a dog. It could have been a wolf, but we still like to think that it was the spirit of Neewa, the best dog that ever lived.

—Frances Glazer, 12A.



*I'M GOING TO START WEARING HIGH HEELS. I'M
TIRED OF BEING MISSED ON THE FOREHEAD!!*



CLASS 11-B.

BACK ROW: J. McCartney, E. Moos, M. Brown, H. Figon, M. Strba, D. Tilston, J. Nagy, M. MacLeod.
 THIRD-ROW: V. Patterson, S. Dostal, B. Dyke, M. Cuzner, V. Skrybalo, B. Smith, I. Ashworth, C. McIntyre.
 SECOND ROW: B. Hamam, M. Boghosian, L. Meikle, B. Freeborn, B. Able, L. Cook, A. Rasian, Miss H. Dodds.
 FRONT ROW: J. Lucas, S. Lindstrom, D. Barnes, B. Brogley, B. Andrews, R. Murase, V. Tilbury, C. Stewart.



CLASS 11-C.

BACK ROW: B. Stoghe, Z. Zakovich, J. Sosulski, G. Polawski, M. Monczka, D. Bissell.
 THIRD ROW: E. Duvall, H. Currie, B. Hornton, A. Weston, J. Ellithorn, M. Morris, B. Raymond.
 SECOND ROW: D. Poulson, D. Green, F. Kemp, M. Storey, S. Baker, J. Boyd, M. Polyoka, Mrs. W. Chaplin.
 FRONT ROW: I. Kluwak, J. Roth, A. Tokarsky, A. Onyskiw, L. Huckson, W. Tlurek, G. Dombrowski, D. Ibbott.

GOSSIP

Probably at one time in the dim corridors of the past, daily conversation comprised the discussion of world affairs and the condition of the current year's crops; but that time, if ever it was, is long since gone, and the discussers are now the discussed. To-day, people themselves provide the most interesting material for "over-the-back-fence talk". This verbal dissection of one's friends and enemies alike has been fittingly called "gossip". Where the word originated, I do not profess to know, but its very sound implies spitefulness and deceit.

Gossip is of two kinds—commercial and casual.

How can gossip be commercial? It is quite simple. Many a Hollywood "star" has risen to fame on the golden ladder of publicity, which is little more than commercialized gossip. The fact that Robert Blank has had four wives and leads, to put it mildly, a rather "wild life" makes that person only more attractive to those of us who secretly would like to break the chains of "human bondage". Hollywood's happiest married couples (there are usually six or seven of them) come in for an equal amount of attention. Thus, through the eyes of the publicity agent and the movie magazine, we delve deep into the private lives of these celebrities and indulge in a world-wide circle of petty gossip, so carefully disguised that we do not recognize it as such. So much for commercialized gossip.

The second type of gossip is much more important in that it is as dangerous as a communicable disease. A person may lose a limb and still live a happy, normal life; but once the cancerous growth of gossip takes root, that same person's life may be ruined. This type of gossip does not strike in the open. It launches its campaign at bridge parties and afternoon teas; it keeps time with the click of the street-car and the train; it invades the classroom, the factory, the department store, and the office. Every day some innocent person is entangled and pulled under in the vortex of casual gossip.

I once read an article in which a father advised his daughter to avoid gossip for her own sake. His reason was that if she did not the habit of gossiping would become so impregnated in her every-day life that she would be unable to carry on an intelligent conversation without indulging in it. Therefore, whether or not we care for the

feelings or reputations of others, we can at least have respect for our own intelligence and leave gossip to the mentally deficient.

—Audrey Edwards, 12A.

SLEEPING IN CLASS

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." How true, how perfectly true—people tell me! You see, I don't exactly abide by that formula. Of course, I do obey half of it—the part that says, "early to rise".

Needless to say, I don't do this of my own free will. Oh, no! It is the long, cruel arm of the law that gets me out of my warm bed when I've been in it only five or six hours. That fateful arm takes me to school every morning. I really don't know why it bothers, because I just continue my snooze there. Some people might think me lazy, but that isn't true. I'm just tired.

In spite of anything these people might say, sleeping in class is an art in itself. It isn't everybody who can be deep in a beautiful dream and at the same time answer a question in English Literature correctly. Believe me, it takes practice!

The idea is to keep one eye open and the other shut. The open eye watches the teacher, and the other just sleeps. This procedure can be changed slightly after the first period by opening and shutting the opposite eye.

The ears must always be on the alert, and you must train yourself to stand directly upon hearing your own name. If you don't catch the question, it is quite simple to stand there with a blank expression on your face. The teacher then presumes that you are just stupid, and his anger will turn to pity. Really, you can very easily have the whole staff crying over your sad case.

Posture is very important. If you sit forward on your chair, let your feet lie under the chair of the student in front of you, and lean back far enough, you will be in the perfect position. In this way you are practically in a lying position, but the desk will keep you from sinking

(continued on page 81)



CLASS 11-D.

BACK ROW: J. Beemer, M. Gamble, C. Sharp, H. Kranyak.

SECOND ROW: J. Taylor, R. Lohrengel, M. Hiscox, S. Howe, G. Del Col.

FRONT ROW: G. Mason, P. Logan, J. Pinder, M. Eggleton, A. Cooper, Mr. C. Day.



CLASS 11-F.

BACK ROW: E. Bidinost, H. Chesna, M. Rizzo.

THIRD ROW: B. Smythe, P. Jay, B. Pye, C. Eberle, M. Sheldrake.

SECOND ROW: Mr. E. Langford, D. Macartney, H. Coat, D. Fearnside, S. Worley, A. Melnick.

FRONT ROW: S. Yager, D. Gillespie, L. Borrow, D. Murray, R. Watson, J. Johnson.

AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S

Baby was going to have her picture taken. Mother's little darling, the pin-up girl of 1960, was all dressed up in her Sunday best for the momentous occasion. Dressed all in pink, and with a huge bow perched on her saucy curls, Snooks looked the very picture of angelic innocence. Under the large pink bow, however, the three-year-old mind was working—and the thoughts running through it were definitely not those of a saint. In her little mind, Snooks had weighed the "pros" and "cons" of this business of getting one's photograph taken, and she had decided that her picture was not going to be added to the "rogues' gallery" already gracing the top of the piano. Knowing her mother though, Snooks thought it best at the moment to retain an armed truce; so, like a lamb to the slaughter, she trotted after her mother into the photographer's waiting-room.

The harassed young photographer, poking his head out of the dark room, looked straight into the innocent, blue stare of Snooks, who was sitting on the edge of a stiff chair, silently contemplating the situation and deciding on her plan of action.

"And does this nice little girl want her picture taken?" he asked in the hearty tones he reserved especially for children.

"No!" responded Snooks shortly, and was rewarded with a sharp nudge from her mother.

The mischievous little girl, having decided that a sit-down strike was her best plan of action, stuck like a clinging octopus to the chair, while her mother and the photographer vainly tried to haul her up. Finally, after one long tug, Snooks was separated from the chair, and hauled across the floor into the camera room. Here she was deposited on a stool and held firmly down by her mother.

"Now watch the pretty birdie!" snarled the photographer, and the picture was taken.

A few weeks later a new addition appeared on the piano—dear little Snooks, looking as though she had just been in a street brawl, with her red tongue stuck out at the world in general. The usual comment of visitors, much to the doting mother's dismay was, "My, but I've never seen such a lifelike picture!"

—Georgia Bevan, 12A.

N O S E S

A nose, I believe, is one of the most interesting parts of the human body. In addition to being an organ of smell and an object of torture to us when we have a cold, this lump of flesh and bone which protrudes from the smooth roundness of the face can tell us more about a person's character than anything else.

For example, take a spoiled young debutante. A single glance at her small, upturned nose will tell you that she is haughty, quick-tempered, and snobbish. Fate has decreed that she should be born into a proud family, and, as a result, Nature has given this young lady a snub nose. This makes it easier for her to turn it up at the lower class.

Then there is the red, swollen nose of the "boozer". This nose tells us that its owner goes out on regular "binges", and drowns his sorrows in drink. Perhaps he is the unfortunate victim of a tragic marriage and is seeking a "breather" from his wife's nagging. Perhaps he is a failure in business. Regardless of his position in life, however, we know he is happiest when his nose expands and takes on the colour of a traffic signal.

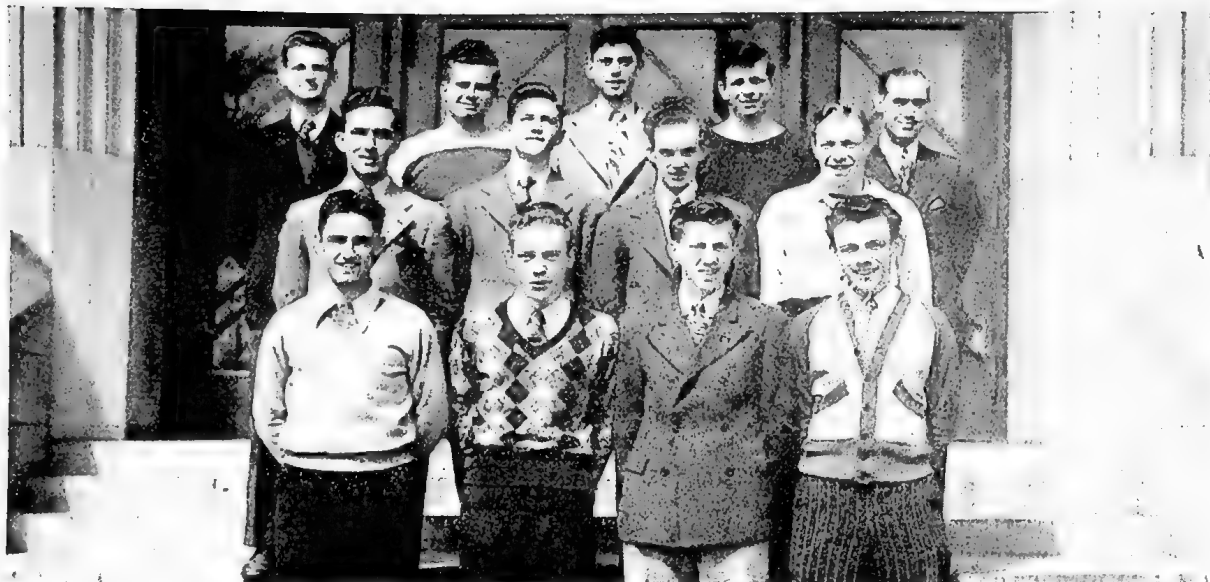
Another interesting nose is that of the shy and demure schoolgirl. Her pride and joy is usually small, straight, and button-like in appearance. This is what attracts the members of the opposite sex. They like this girl because she is very feminine and keeps her nose well-powdered. Her nose is her main physical beauty, and she is going to use all the feminine knowledge which she possesses to keep it that. You can be certain that she is not going to lose her chance at happiness by letting her nose get that shiny, well-scrubbed look!

I feel certain that now you will agree with me when I say that noses reveal character. The next time you meet a person with an oddly-shaped nose or one that seems to be out of proportion with the rest of his face, do not stare at him or make fun of him. Remember, to him his nose is the most attractive in the world. Besides, what a dull life this would be if all noses possessed the same shape!

—Mary Halayko, 12B.

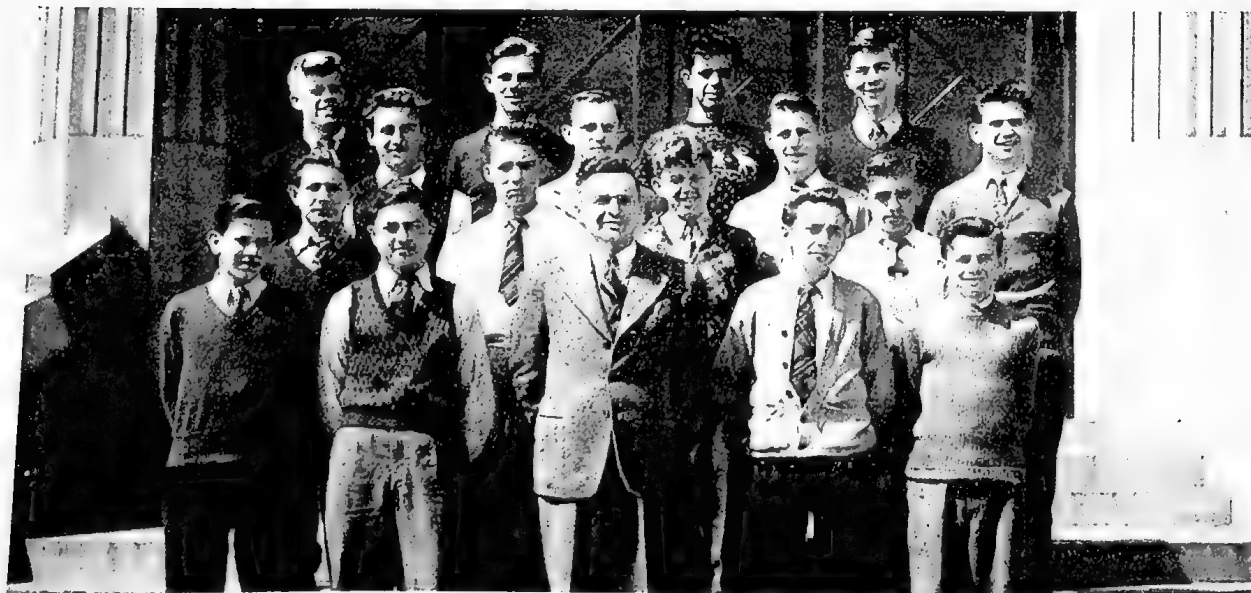
—o—

Joan Foster (reciting the Golden Rule): Do unto others before they do unto you.



CLASS 11-A.

BACK ROW: F. Bahm, K. Hunt, J. Voke, B. Ratz, Mr. E. Hutton.
 SECOND ROW: H. Fry, B. Robinson, B. Jones, D. Rundle.
 FRONT ROW: C. Andreeff, B. Peace, J. Edwards, H. Kaluza.
 Absent: D. Penfold, R. Bielby.



CLASS 10-A.

BACK ROW: M. Blair, R. Robertson, A. Chovaz, G. Bellingham.
 THIRD ROW: A. Harras, W. Paszko, B. Clark, B. Lawton.
 SECOND ROW: B. Cooke, F. Husk, J. Shipley, B. Hyrko.
 FRONT ROW: B. Cooper, T. Charuk, Mr. J. A. Donaldson, B. Wilson, F. Pongetti.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS WAS TO BLAME

"Mom," I screamed at the woman who was sitting comfortably across the room from me, darned my well-worn socks, "what do you think I 've done now?"

"Heaven only knows, Scatterbrain!" she exclaimed, as she leaped out of her quietude like a startled doe.

After we had both resumed our positions, I began to tell her of the tragedy that had just occurred in my young life. I had forgotten to buy the buns! Some people might think it childish to become upset over four dozen hot dog rolls, but to-morrow morning five couples were to go skiing, and after a day of this tiring exercise were to return to my best friend's home for hot dogs and cokes. I thought that the least I could do would be to order the rolls. Well, I had ordered them successfully, but to my horror the thought just struck me that I had not called for them. The store was closed, and to-morrow was Sunday.

My devoted mother deserted me in my hour of need and, informed me that it was about time I started finding my own way out of the difficulties which seemed to follow me around like a lone-some puppy.

As my brain was confusedly working overtime on the project, I decided to drown my sorrows in a chocolate milkshake. My troubles were about half submerged in its creamy depths when a thought struck me. Certainly, Mr. White, the owner of White's Bakery, would understand even if the cold-hearted employees of Alderson's Drug Store could find my predicament only amusing.

I had never met Mr. White, but there was no time to worry about formalities now. I hurried up Sherman Avenue, stopping only when I reached the house in which the telephone book said Mr. White resided. I knocked. The door opened a crack so that the wintry blasts could not enter. A bespectacled nose poked enquiringly through the one and one-half inches of lighted warmth. I felt like asking for "Joe," but restrained myself in time for my explanation. I was admitted then and had to repeat my sad story so that the details could sink into the ancient's decrepit brain. Expecting to be

(continued on page 81)

ON BEING TEASED

Man has invented ingenious methods of torture. Down through the ages, thousands of methods of discomfort have been created. There is, however, nothing more hated and feared and nothing more painful than being teased.

Tiny children, it seems, have one main purpose in life—to be the innocent victims of teasing. Isn't it strange how "big brother" Johnny delights in pretending that he is eating "little sister" Jeanie's lollipop? The more loudly she screams, the more he likes AND LICKS it! Through all of her waking hours, the tiny youngster is being teased and tormented by her older brother, and, probably, during her sleeping hours he is contriving other ways of making her early childhood unbearable.

Even during her adolescence, Jeanie is the recipient of constant teasing, although it is always before a much larger audience. Mother and Sister always, ALWAYS wait until the family is entertaining friends or relatives before they begin to discuss Jeanie's latest "heart-throb". It seems that they always restrain this choice tidbit of conversation until they have a worthwhile audience to express their viewpoints before. Meanwhile, Jeanie, the victim of this cruel teasing, must sit at the dinner table, toying with her strawberries, which she now resembles in colour, and endure the barbed, teasing remarks about herself and her "dreamdust".

Jeanie finally escapes from her family into a home of her own where she at last feels that she is free from being teased. Her hopes, however, are completely shattered the moment her husband spies her coming up the steps in her new Easter hat. "What's the matter, dear?" he inquires. "Didn't you have room for the vegetables under your arm, or did someone in the apartment above throw out her vegetable peelings and hit you on the head?"

And so it goes on and on. All through her life she is being teased about something by someone. Perhaps the most appreciated gift she could receive on her seventy-fifth birthday would be a written promise, from everyone she knows, never again, under any circumstances, to tease her!

—Irene Wardrope, 12A.

—o—

"Shirley, are you ready? Your friend's car is at the door."

"Yes, mother. I hear it knocking."



CLASS 10-B

BACK ROW: I. Verrall, A. Procwat, A. Selinger, B. Whetham.

FOURTH ROW: M. Zielonka, J. Bramer, B. Gillie, S. Wood, M. Hogg, H. Kowal, Miss R. Wood.

THIRD ROW: E. Bennett, D. Steele, R. Hewick, N. Chamberlain, D. Allan, M. Bilechuk, R. De Grow.

SECOND ROW: E. Hogg, M. Etherden, C. Lyle, J. Pfau, S. Windsor, N. Walker, A. King, E. Tilli, S. Rasian.

FIRST ROW: M. McLea, M. Oki, B. Kelly, L. Clause, E. Girard, L. Drury, M. Sturch, D. Anderson.



CLASS 10-C.

BACK ROW: I. Hulls, M. Jackson, S. Servos, J. Turansky, P. Vickers.

FOURTH ROW: I. Sobolewski, B. Deveney, J. Collins, S. Fernihough, B. Connell, J. White, V. Brown.

THIRD ROW: Miss H. French, L. MacDonald, N. Perzul, J. Hart, M. Dome, D. Smith, J. Richards, M. Wilson.

SECOND ROW: M. Pickles, W. Swiss, H. Latta, L. Armstrong, D. Anderson, G. Moore, E. Smith, J. Crosthwaite, D. Stiglick.

FRONT ROW: L. Grant, J. Butterly, M. Podetz, N. Markow, G. Dunlop, A. Bardati, S. Best, P. Webber, N. McWilliam.

PEOPLE WHO BORE ME

Among the many people in this world, there are bound to be some who prove to be very boring. Three of these persons are very prominent in my life. They are the family minister, the teacher, and the friend who drops in unexpectedly about midnight.

As you sit in church on a hot summer day, what do you think about? It is usually the marvellous time you imagine the "gang" is having at the beach. But you must listen attentively to the minister. What does he mean when he says words like "advocate" and "provocative"? Of course, you know you have taken these words in spelling but you just can't apply them to the situation at hand. And why is it that the minister must wave his hands in the air? You'd almost think the heavens would fall in if he didn't do it. All these things seem to add to your boredom and all you can do is quietly wait for that ever-loving closing hymn.

Teachers, whether they know it or not, can be very boring, too. Why is it that you must sit in class on a beautiful day and read such books as "Home Nursing", "Learning to Write", and "Practical Bookkeeping", when you'd much rather be out in the sun reading your favourite detective story? Teachers (bless them) consider senior students children. Perhaps they are right at times. But have they ever thought what it would be like to be under their own supervision? What I would like to do is to put a teacher in my seat and then go to the head of the class. I would stare absently at the ceiling and speak in the same monotonous tone of voice. Or else, I would ask him seven or eight questions in one period instead of asking the girl I know knows the answer. There may be a perfect teacher, but I've yet to meet him.

Now, how about the unexpected guest? He always comes just as soon as you have finished putting your last lock of hair in curlers. He comes in, seats himself, and begins to talk. He may ask, "What books have you read?" or "Can we turn on the radio?" While all this is going on, you are wishing that you could politely kick him out. All of a sudden, he brings out his wallet and begins to show you pictures of all his girl friends. This not only bores you but also makes you angry. Then, with a sudden cautious gesture, you reach for his hat and gently but firmly shove him out of the door.

Yes! I'm sorry to say that there are boring people in this world. But with all the things that science is doing for us to-day, maybe it will eventually find some way to make boring people interesting.

—Donna Macartney, 11E.

MY PROUDEST MOMENT

As I gazed out of my bedroom window, I considered the matter carefully. At last I reached a definite conclusion. I would ask Dad to-day. After all, I was nearly seventeen, wasn't I?

"Wallace, get down here and clean out the cellar!"

My blissful reverie was shattered by Mom's voice. She was angry! The use of my hated name, "Wallace", told me that. Ordinarily, she would have called me Wally, but to-day—being the fifth Sunday I had promised to clean out the cellar and had not yet got around to it—to-day she was angry!

I ran down the stairs, whistling "That's for Me" and thinking of the cute redhead that had started school the other day.

"Sorry I didn't come down when you first called me, Mom." I hugged her heartily.

"Why the sudden ambition?" Mom queried suspiciously. "It's the first time I've ever known you to" Her eyes lit up as if she had just made a startling discovery. "No, Wallace, absolutely no! I told you before that you are not going to get a new football!"

"Take it easy, Mom! As soon as I clean out the cellar, I'm going to ask you and Dad to do me a little favour."

"Your 'little favours' usually involve money." Mom grinned despite herself.

"Believe it or not, this one doesn't," I answered. As I dashed down the cellar steps, I could have sworn I heard her say, "I don't believe it."

I attacked the untidy cellar with gusto, and thirty minutes later I stood in front of Mom and Dad.

"Your mother tells me you wanted to ask us something, Son."

"Yeah, Dad. But it's kinda' hard to ask it when the time comes."

"Out with it!"

(continued on page 81)



CLASS 10-D.

BACK ROW: E. McCrea, B. Ozanick, D. Greatherd, M. Smith, M. Chappel, S. Daveinis, E. Polder, C. Dyson.
 THIRD ROW: P. Cottrill, M. Lubianek, L. Walsh, J. Franko, M. Magee, M. Taylor, L. Mills, M. Duba, W. Richards.
 SECOND ROW: R. Moore, U. Izumi, J. Bates, B. Myers, B. Beach, H. Vetesi, J. Heywood, Mr. G. Purdy.
 FRONT ROW: J. Bissell, V. Clarke, S. Boland, A. Stephens, W. Stoddard, V. Connolly, J. Walker, H. Somenatter



CLASS 10-E.

BACK ROW: V. Vishinsky, J. Hill, L. Carter, D. Sus, J. Mucha.
 THIRD ROW: R. Johnston, R. Bellinato, B. Fraser, M. Vollick, A. Eastwood, M. Streker, Dr. A. Wingfield.
 SECOND ROW: M. Popaleni, M. Ewart, G. Court, L. Cooper, J. Somerville, F. Harrell, A. Blaguski.
 FRONT ROW: G. Davidson, N. Onyszkiv, D. Kelly, J. Lunn, A. Smith, A. Halbert, M. Chigash.

Poetry

SUMMER RAIN

*The sun so warm and brightly shines
On the green lawns and on the vines;
With a radiance bright and sparkling too,
On hundreds of flowers of every hue.*

*And, lo and behold, as I gaze outside,
The clouds racing swiftly, the sun to hide;
The sky becomes dark and overcast;
I thought it too good—the rain at last!*

*Pitter, patter down the panes,
Winding like the country lanes,
Gentle, cool, refreshing rain.
Look! The sun shines once again!*

*A beautiful rainbow overhead
All over the sky is widely spread.
What glorious colours! A wonderful sight!
Then, once again, the sky is bright.*

*The raindrops, like jewels upon each flower,
Create the illusion—a fairy bower.
Lilies toss their heads in cool disdain;
Refreshed they are by summer rain.*

—Jackie Roth, 11C.

TO A LEAKY PEN

*What ails thee now, dear pen of mine?
Why dost thou splatter every line?
Though thy ink should curdle and turn to paste,
I'll never cast thee off as waste.*

*When I fill thee with blue or green,
Or change thy nib, or keep thee clean,
I wonder why, on every day,
Thou treatest me this cruel way.*

*When I write in ye English book,
Thou givest my writing a scratchy look.
If I had the pence to buy one new,
I'd choose a pen that was good and true.*

— Frances Glazer, 12A.

FISHING

*The merry rays of sunlight sparkled upon the craft.
The boys shouted and sang with a will,
For they'd drifted all day on the home-made raft
Since the sun had come from behind the hill.*

*They had started out at the early morn,
Their angle-cans aswinging;
And, in appearance, not a bit forlorn,
With their shrill shouts ringing.*

*The raft had rolled and dipped and surged;
Had even tipped one in;
But yet triumphant he emerged,
With a battered, freckled grin.*

*They trooped home at dusk, with fish-baskets full,
And their happy faces all aglow;
Till they got a louch of the birch rod cruel
Which turned the fun to woe.*

—Marion Stevenson, 12B.

THOUGHT OF A STUDENT ON THE SUBJECT OF "OUR TEACHER"

*Although our teacher's not so tall,
We really can't deny
He has a heart that's true and big
When marks go flying by.*

*If our teacher gets quite angry,
When to us he tries to teach
The rules and laws of English Comp.,
We still think he's a peach.*

*He acts as a father throughout the year,
And when June rolls around,
He gives out with a great big cheer
For the happiness he has found.*

—Anonymous, 12B.



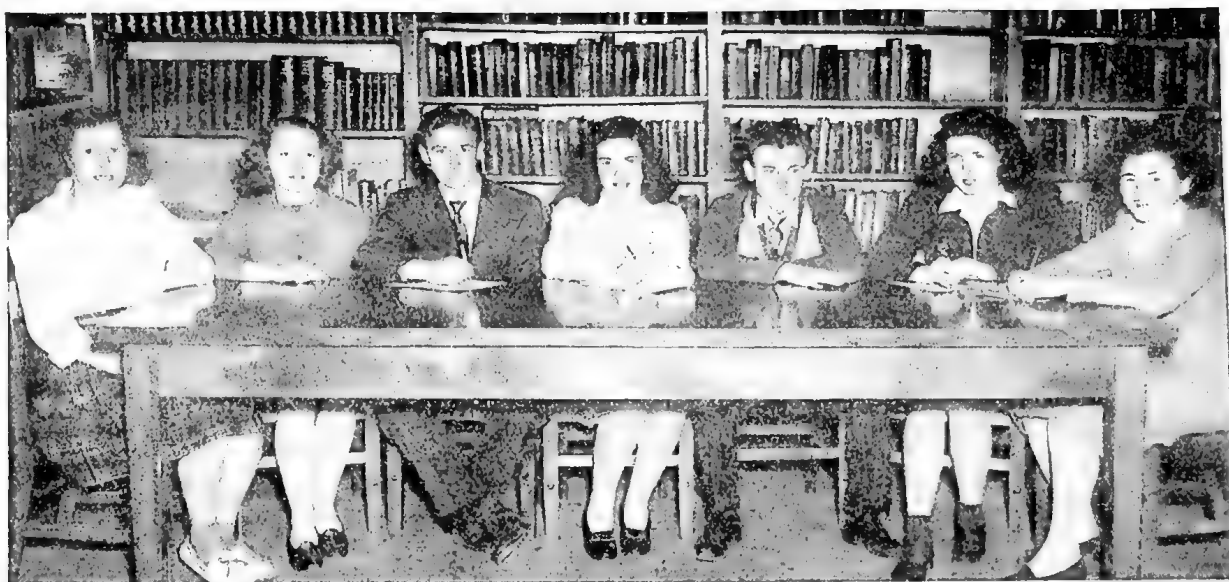
CLASS 10-F

BACK ROW: E. Dawson, S. Lainchbury, L. Pappin, M. Pozzo, A. Church, S. Bodden, L. Strong, M. Thomson.
 THIRD ROW: S. Keith, M. Ecker, L. Killingworth, E. Wilson, B. Totten, E. McCullough, K. Lintott, Mrs. E. Richardson.
 SECOND ROW: J. Grzenda, O. Day, B. Somers, C. Walker, A. Morrison, Y. Hamer, T. McFarlane.
 FRONT ROW: A. Baron, E. Syre, D. Hodgson, H. Michalewitz, P. Wojnowski, J. Ryckman, L. Fazekas.



CLASS 10-G.

BACK ROW: I. Furlan, A. Curtis, B. Fritz, Miss G. Duffy, B. Stewart, R. Filstead, R. Powell.
 THIRD ROW: H. Seaman, B. Stevens, E. Cooper, J. Koniski, D. Girt, J. Wilson.
 SECOND ROW: B. Adams, J. Babcock, M. Scholes, K. Montgomery, M. Locke, J. Lanender, J. Phillips, D. Brohammer, J. Bell.
 FRONT ROW: M. Lord, N. Stewart, B. Byrnes, E. Wood, S. Proose, J. Wood, W. Naylor, J. Rahuba.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL.

B. Cleghorn, Chairman of Social Committee; D. Willrich, Chairman of Social Welfare; A. Harris, Secretary; A. Edwards, President; H. Kaluza, Vice-President; J. McKay, Chairman of Dramatics; M. Halayko, Chairman of "The Argosy".

EXCHANGES

By Maria Podetz, 10C.

As our magazine was a casualty of the war, we were unable to exchange magazines with any of the schools from which we regularly received a magazine. However, we still received a complimentary copy from a few schools among which was the "Plumtree School Magazine", from Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. Our compliments are sent to the editor and we would like to mention that we especially enjoyed the account written by P. C. N. Green after he had been shot down over the Falaise area.

When we decided to publish "THE ARGOSY" again, we asked several schools if they would send us a copy of their magazine in order that we might get suggestions for improvements in our book. To the editors of the following school magazines we extend our sincere thanks: "The Argosy of Commerce", High School of Commerce, Ottawa; "Acta Nostra", Guelph Collegiate and Vocational Institute; "The Magnet", Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto; "Scarboro

Bluff", Scarboro Collegiate Institute; "The Archer", Galt Collegiate Institute; "Vox Lycei", Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa; "The Bugle", Crescent Heights High School, Calgary; "The Vulcan", Central Technical School, Toronto; "The Patrician", Hon. J. C. Patterson Collegiate Institute, Windsor; "Times", Kingston Collegiate and Vocational School; "The Student", Welland High and Vocational School; "Westward Ho!", Western Technical and Commercial School, Toronto; "Norvoo", Northern Vocational School, Toronto; "Robur", Lawrence Park Collegiate Institute, Toronto; "Acta Studetium", Vaughan Road Collegiate, Toronto; "The Lampadian", Delta Collegiate Institute, Hamilton; "Vox Lycei", Central Collegiate Institute, Hamilton.

— KEY TO PICTURES ON PAGE 9 —

1. Dundurn Castle; 2. Hamilton Public Library; 3. Pigott Building; 4. United Empire Loyalists Monument; 5. Gore Park; 6. Medical Arts Building; 7. Sunken Gardens, McMaster University.



Social Committee



BACK ROW: B. Peace, Mr. J. Donaldson, A. Harras.
FRONT ROW: B. Andrews, B. Cleghorn, G. Bevan, G. Norman.



Dramatics Committee



BACK ROW: M. Laidman, J. McKay, I. Wardrope.
FRONT ROW: Miss J. Boyes, Miss L. Hart-Smith, Miss B. Mackenzie,
Miss H. Lorraway. (D. Penfold, inset).

La Page Française *(M. J. Hulton's class)*

QUELLE EST MON AMBITION?

Assis ici à mon fauteuil confortable, regardant paresseusement par la fenêtre, je rêve de beaucoup de choses—des vêtements, de mes amis, de mon école, de mon avenir. Je m'arrête pour contempler celui-ci. Quelle carrière veux-je suivre pour mon travail de vie? Comment accomplirai-je mon ambition? Je pensais beaucoup à ces questions parce que je réalise l'importance d'une décision sage. Une personne qui aime son travail est contente et heureuse. Celui qui n'aime pas son travail est malheureux et misérable.

Mon ambition est de devenir un professeur qui voudra bien aider ses élèves à vaincre des difficultés de toutes sortes. L'enseignement, à mon opinion, est une des professions la plus satisfaisante du monde. Quel est plus merveilleux que le sentiment qu'on aide ses élèves à devenir de meilleurs citoyens de ce beau pays du nôtre?

Pour accomplir mon ambition, je travaillerai l'année prochaine et j'étudierai le français et le latin à l'école de nuit. Puis, je veux revenir au Lycée de Commerce pour recevoir mon bachelier. Puis je pourrai entrer dans l'université où je désire spécialiser à l'étude de l'histoire et des langues modernes.

Je sais très bien que la route ne sera pas facile, car je dois travailler mon chemin par l'université. Mais, par beaucoup de travail fort, et avec l'aide du Dieu, j'espère accomplir mon ambition.

—Magdalene Toth, 12B.

LES SOUVENIRS

Ce me fait plaisir d'être assise confortablement dans mon grand fauteuil, et de fermer mes yeux en oubliant de toutes choses autour de moi, et de rêver par moi-même. J'aime me rappeler les souvenirs aimants, les sons agréables, et les places où j'ai visité.

Pendant que dans cet état de rêverie, je revois les falaises rocheuses près de la maison de mon enfance, les flots, sombres et féroces, de la mer, se briser en écume blanche aux rochers pointus au-dessous.

Je revois une belle vallée verte, rayonnante et vivante des fleurs fraîches de printemps, et des arbres fleurissants.

Je revois un jeune enfant, son visage, rond et vif, plein de curiosité de ce gros monde étrange, où il vient d'ouvrir ses yeux ardents et innocents.

Je revois le soleil, qui monte doucement derrière un monde qui dort tranquillement. Il jette ses rayons d'or sur les objets froids et inanimés en leur donnant la vie et la chaleur encore une fois.

J'entends la chanson douce du rouge-gorge, toujours joyeux. Ensuite je le vois voler de la branche à la haie, et de la haie à la terre chaude

et humide. Un cerisier blanc en fleur apparaît tout à coup de toute sa beauté devant mes yeux. Je reste là en buvant son odeur lourde et enchantante.

Puis ma disposition se change et je revois une rue occupée, encombrée des autos bruyants et beaucoup de personnes qui parlent. Mes yeux observent un chapeau fou, rouge, couvert de beaucoup de fleurs de toutes couleurs. Comme le monde doit apparaître différent à cette femme audacieuse, comparée à cette vieille dame douce que je vois maintenant. Elle porte un beau châle de soie sur la tête.

Maintenant, j'entends de la musique. La musique a si beaucoup de force. J'ai été toujours son esclave, et beaucoup d'autres possèdent cette passion pour sa profonde mystérieuse de la beauté.

Et maintenant j'entends resonner le bruit des cornemuses au loin par les vallons. Cette musique excite mon sang et le fait courir par mon corps, et alors je pense aux grands hommes braves qu'elle a exhortés se battre pour le droit, et pour leur pays.

Il n'y a rien si beau et éternel que vos propres souvenirs aimants. Ce sont des trésors sans prix, cachés aux âmes de tout le monde, riche ou pauvre, jeune ou vieux.

—Diane Barnes, 11B.

UNE AFFAIRE D'AMOUR

C'est une histoire avec un moral. Si vous êtes un de ces gens—qui ridiculent de telles formes de la littérature, vous êtes libres de passer cette histoire remarquable.

Notre scène se passe dans une basse-cour. Au coin du poulailler s'assied Marcel, un coq mélancolique, ses yeux pleins des larmes. Il ne semble pas faire de progrès avec son amour. Evidemment il est dans une situation difficile—le courage est ce dont il a besoin. Il aime de tout son cœur cette petite, jolie Annette, mieux connue comme "La Belle de la Basse-Cour". Mais que faire pour gagner Annette qu'il admire, quand son rival, Antoine, un beau coq, impressionne favorablement la poule? Tous les autres haïssent Annette, car les célébrités ont des yeux pour personne qu'Annette.

Tout à coup le silence couvre la basse-cour pendant qu'Antoine fait sa grande entrée. Il porte une nouvelle cravate à la mode et son habit ne laisse rien à désirer. Les cris des poules deviennent plus perçants et leur idol salue gracieusement.

Pauvre Marcel, il se demande, "Pourquoi il est si admiré et je suis seul?" Juste à ce moment, il sait que le beau coq, Antoine, va démontrer sa grande habileté devant Annette, par se jeter de la haie la plus haute. Il peut voir l'admiration

(continued on page 37)



CLASS 9-A

BACK ROW: D. Barrett, A. Whyte, L. Stringer, W. Stubbs, J. Morrison.
 FOURTH ROW: S. Murdock, V. Hill, B. Vlad, C. Green, J. Hay, Miss B. Mackenzie.
 THIRD ROW: P. Zabolki, B. McDonald, L. Hack, D. Stewart, A. Brown, E. Preston, D. Macdonald.
 SECOND ROW: V. Stewart, F. Masotti, T. Montgomery, B. Ross, J. Maltby, G. Moffatt, D. Bedford, G. Meldrum.
 FRONT ROW: G. Knox, G. Cunningham, T. Frayne, M. Kerman, F. Whitley, N. Fry, M. Dunnette, G. Donald, R. Clark.



CLASS 9-B

BACK ROW: J. Bond, M. Adams, Mrs. K. Pothier, E. Brock, H. Campbell, A. Algate, L. Barker.
 THIRD ROW: M. Black, R. Bing, E. Ballantine, R. Bakervell, J. Balatan, N. Fraser, M. Camberough.
 SECOND ROW: L. Berwick, E. Boyd, I. Barrie, J. Allan, L. Anderson, R. Bradley, D. Black, E. Brown.
 FRONT ROW: V. Benedict, F. Angus, K. Anderson, S. Alkerton, D. Armstrong, A. Bernaki, H. Arteshensky.

dans les yeux d'Annette, et notre héros, Marcel, veut qu'il soit mort lui-même.

Voilà Antoine perché sur le crête de la haie. Il ouvre ses ailes et se jette dans l'air. Quelle belle vue comme il vole vers la terre! Soudainement il y a un cri terrible.

Les spectateurs intéressés courent excités vers la haie et regardent par les trous. Voilà le coq fier sous les bras du fermier qui rit de joie. "C'est un bon dîner pour nous ce soir."

Au loin, derrière la maison, on entend un denier cri comme un hache descend sur le cou du beau coq. Annette se tourne, son cœur cassé. Notre héros s'approche d'elle, et prend sa tête sur ses épaules. D'un air de la satisfaction il se dit, "Il gagne quelquefois qui s'assied et attend patiemment".

—Jennie Sosulski, 11C.

M. E. Hutton

LES MÉMOIRES DE FRANÇOIS MAUROS

Souvent sur la montagne, au coucher du soleil, tristement je me promène au bord de la falaise. Mais cette nuit-ci je me rappelle surtout, qu'il y a trente ans je t'ai perdue. C'était une nuit comme celle-ci.

Comme nous attendions depuis beaucoup de mois cette réunion-là joyeuse! Je t'avais rencontrée quand nous n'avions que vingt-deux ans. C'était Mardi Gras à gaie Paris. Nos yeux se trouvaient et se tenaient pour un moment. Puis, vous avez souri, et je savais qu'il n'y aurait jamais plus personne dans ma vie.

O temps, si tu aurais pu suspendre ton vol à cette heure-là où je t'ai revue plus tard, ma chérie, en me promenant à côté de la mer en Bretagne. Nous se tenions debout en silence en regardant ensemble la marée qui s'élevait jusqu'à nos pieds. Il ne nous fallait pas de paroles. Une force magnétique nous a attirés et toute chose a disparu comme je t'ai embrassée.

Notre amour devenait plus profond chaque fois que nous nous sommes rencontrés. Nous avons fait des plans—nous devions nous marier en juin après que j'avais reçu mon bachelier de l'université. Pour célébrer l'anniversaire de notre rencontre, nous avions arrangé notre rendez-vous à la même place où nos cœurs se trouvaient.

Enfin la journée est arrivée et je t'attendais impatiemment. Soudainement je t'ai vue t'approcher de l'autre côté de la rue. D'un cri de joie tu t'es élançée à toute vitesse à travers le pavé tout droit devant un omnibus. J'ai essayé de t'avertir mais en vain. J'étais trop en retard.

Depuis trente ans j'attends la mort—la mort, qui t'avait arrachée de mes bras. Tu ne peux jamais me revenir, mais bientôt je casserai les chaînes invisibles qui nous ont séparés. Puis nous passerons l'éternité ensemble, ma chérie.

Vivian Skrybalo, 11B.
Helen Figon, 11B.

LES YEUX

La plupart des gens croit que les yeux ont seulement un devoir à performer—pour nous rendre capables de voir. Ces mêmes gens ne réalisent pas que les yeux sont très puissants dans un autre respect, parce qu'ils montrent les pensées les plus intimes d'une personne, quelquefois sans sa connaissance, même quand il essaye de les cacher. Par exemple, prenez un idol fameux du cinéma. Vous ne devez savoir rien de son caractère, son fond, ou sa vie personnelle mais un regard dans ses yeux vous dira que c'est une personnalité dynamique. Ses yeux sombres et mystérieux vous attirent vers lui avec une force magnétique. Quand ils lancent un coup d'oeil à votre direction, de petites sensations étranges descendent votre épine. Après ce coup d'oeil, ces sensations n'ont pas assez de force pour remonter! Vos genoux se changent en eau et votre cœur sante dans la gorge. A cette pointe, maris irrités et fiancés indignants demandent avec véhémence, "Qu'est-ce qu'il a que je n'en ai pas?" La réponse est simple. Cet homme a vaincu l'art de regarder une femme en manière de la faire croire que c'est la seule personne dans sa vie. Il n'est pas bien surprenant alors que les femmes par le monde "swoon" quand elles visitent un cinéma qui présente Charles Boyer? Ses yeux puissants dominant son visage entier et ils le font l'idol des millions de femmes.

Assez pour l'aimé. Maintenant nous nous tournons à l'exacte opposé—le professeur. Quand le premier jour d'école arrive et toutes les petites innocentes entrent dans la salle de classe, le professeur se tient debout au pupitre, souriant d'elles benevolement. A toutes apparences au dehors il paraît être un bon homme intéressé seulement en education, mais ce n'est pas vrai. Si on regardera serré ses yeux, on verra qu'il invente déjà de nouvelles méthodes de torture telle comme écrire des essais les plus difficiles, apprendre plus de poésie par cœur, et faire des compositions orales plus longues. On croit qu'il fait ceci pour prendre la revanche pour les fois qu'il a souffert ces agonies pendant qu'il restait encore à l'école. N'importe comme il essaye de cacher ces désirs, cependant, ses yeux, ses yeux forts comme granit qui jettent des coups d'oeil avec colère vers vous un moment et puis vous dévorent avec malveillance pendant que vous travaillez fiévreusement penché sur un morceau de papier—révèlent ses vraies pensées. Ils vous avertissent vous garder et ne pas vous céder trop facilement à cet adversaire dangereux.

Alors les yeux ne sont pas seulement des instruments de vue. Employés comme il faut, ils peuvent faire des esclaves, des amis, des ennemis et ainsi de suite. Les yeux sont le miroir de votre cœur. Gardez-les bien!

Mary Halayko, 12B. *M. E. Hutton*
Magdalene Toth, 12B.



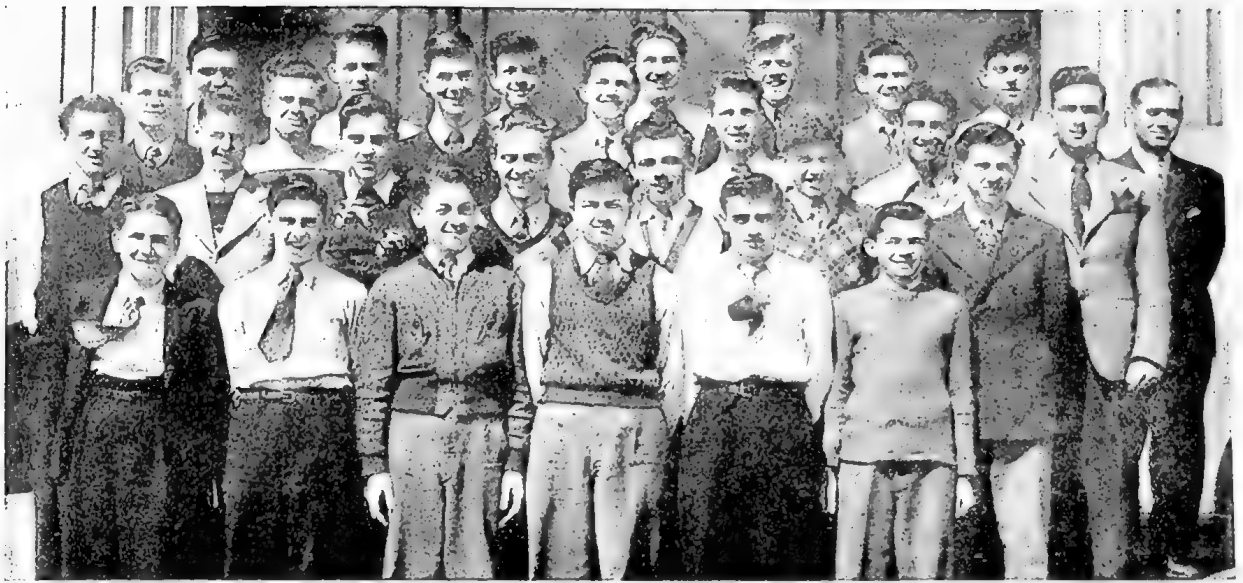
CLASS 9-C

BACK ROW: A. Cass, B. Eastwood, M. Clarkson, H. Dorner, I. Crawford, M. Dometto, M. Donnelly, S. Cooke, D. Ellis.
 THIRD ROW: C. Corbin, E. Corbett, H. Danby, J. Davison, E. Daskaluk, H. Dome, C. Charters, J. Eisler, M. Craddock.
 SECOND ROW: M. Bihary, D. Donaldson, B. Corcoran, R. Comer, E. Eberle, M. Doolittle, F. Charthers, N. Dickinson, J. Carroll.
 FRONT ROW: Mr. H. Pugh, C. Cikach, I. Charuk, E. Durniak, M. Drown, J. Davis, B. Eagleton, F. Dobson, B. Dowling.



CLASS 9-D.

BACK ROW: A. Fleming, L. Haye, H. Hingston, S. Hobbs, D. Hines, R. Gallagher, J. Foster, N. Goobler, J. Hamilton.
 THIRD ROW: M. Harrison, J. Hannam, M. Hanna, M. Hicks, L. Hinchliffe, L. Heaton, Miss J. L. Boyes.
 SECOND ROW: K. Fedorov, S. Haney, S. Goodbrand, J. Fedorovich, D. Gervasio, J. MacDonald, E. Hird, M. Harrison.
 FRONT ROW: P. Hamer, H. Heaslip, J. Fedorko, M. Friday, M. Galloway, E. Grey, F. Foster, G. Hamilton, L. Garbutt.



HI-Y CLUB

BACK ROW: D. Barret, F. Husk, B. Ratz (Vice-President), A. Whyte, M. Blair, B. Lawton, G. Voke, Mr E. Hutton, (Adviser)
 THIRD ROW: F. Bahm, K. Hunt, G. Bellingham, B. Robinson (President), B. Clark, C. Andreeff, H. Fry
 SECOND ROW: A. Harras, V. Stewart, T. Montgomery, B. Peace, H. Kaluza (Secretary), J. Shipley, J. Edwards.
 FIRST ROW: G. Knox, M. Kerman, F. Whitley, T. Charuk, B. Hyreko, F. Pongetti, (P. Kaprelian, absent).



CAFETERIA PREFECTS

BACK ROW: L. Drury, B. Byrnes, M. Scholes, Miss G. N. Duffy, D. Macartney, F. Lynn, M. Taylor, M. Magee.
 THIRD ROW: O. Brelick, L. Porter, M. Pozzo, M. Vollick, M. Strba, M. Brown, D. Hannam, J. Hart, G. Moore, M. Storey.
 SECOND ROW: M. Halayko, G. Del Col, G. Court, A. Cooper, R. Watson, W. Thurek, G. Dombrowski, A. Truscott, M. McLea.
 FRONT ROW: S. Yager, M. Sheldrake.



Staff Changes



Mr. T. W. Oates.

Since the teachers at the Central High School of Commerce last posed for their picture for the 1939 edition of *THE ARGOSY*, there have been many changes.

Mr. T. W. Oates, our energetic principal, left at Christmas, 1944, to become the Director of Secondary Education in Hamilton; and we wish him again, as we wished him then, good success in his work.

Miss Laura McCoig, who for fifteen years was the senior stenography teacher, retired in June, 1944, and since that time she has been enjoying her well-earned rest. Best wishes to her.

Mrs. Kathleen Nolan (McManus) resigned in December, 1944, after three years as our music teacher.

When we heard that Mr. G. Price, one of our

popular teachers, was to replace Mr. Oates as our principal, we were delighted; and after a year of his being principal, we still have the same feeling.

We welcome to our staff Miss Donna Young, from Shelburne High School; Miss Betty Courtice, from Mitchell High School; Mrs. K. Matheson, from the occasional staff of the Hamilton Board of Education; Miss Louise Hart-Smith, from the Lucy Morrison School; and Mr. Ernie Hutton, from the Delta Collegiate.

Mr. Fred Day, who left us to teach radio to the navy, army, and air force personnel, and Mr. Gordon Purdy, who spent two years teaching in the Royal Canadian Air Force, are back on the staff once again, and to them we say, "Glad to see you're with us again."

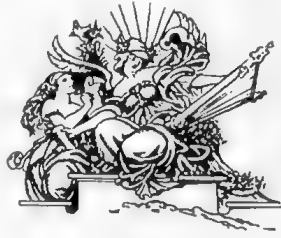
OPPOSITE PAGE

TOP ROW—Miss I. Hart-Smith, Mrs. K. Matheson.

CENTRE ROW—Miss B. Courtice, Mr. E. A. Hutton, Miss D. Young.

BOTTOM ROW—Mr. C. R. Day, Mr. G. A. Purdy.





MUSIC & DRAMA



Irene Huszcza and Jean Roy, 12B.

Our Christmas Concert

On December 21, 1945, the last day of school before those long-awaited Christmas holidays, a concert was enjoyed by the entire student body, at which Mr. Price, our principal, was the chairman.

Under the leadership of Miss Irene Wardrope, a sing-song of Christmas carols was conducted, and a few selections were given by the Junior and Senior Glee Clubs. There should be a word of thanks to Miss Hart-Smith for her effort in making the glee clubs what they are.

Because Christmas would not be complete without Santa Claus, the Students' Council personally invited him to bestow a few special gifts on teachers who had just recently joined the staff. Mr. Hutton was the first to receive a present, a cigar which he promptly returned to his home-class. Next, Mr. Purdy was given a toy aeroplane to remind him of his past experiences in the Air Force. When Miss Young was presented with a photograph of Van Johnson, the girls sighed and screamed over their pin-up boy. Miss Matheson's gift, a bottle of grape juice, was given to her to renew her energy for the next term. To relieve her mind from the nerve-racking periods of English, Miss Courtice received a comic book. The youngest male and female students received rattles, gifts which symbolized their youth.

When the last gift in Santa's sack had been distributed, he left amid cheers and happy cries, for school had been dismissed until January 3, 1946.

VARIETY SHOW

A gala scene! Holiday time! Carefree and exciting moments in store for the people of Acapulco! This was the exotic, Latin-American setting for the Variety Show held on April 11 and 12 in the F. R. Close Technical Institute auditorium.

The curtain rose on a colourful scene with peasant folk mingling together and singing "South American Way". This theme was carried out further by Irene Wardrope who sang the ever-popular "Jealousy", and by a group of girls who executed two Mexican folk dances.

Three Ukrainian dancers, dressed in their traditional costumes, and accompanied by four mandolins, delighted and impressed the audience with their skilful rendition of several Ukrainian dances.

The orchestral selection, with Marion MacLeod, piano; Patsy Vickers, piano-accordion; and Eddie Preston, the traps, was a decided hit. Helen Kowal's piano solo was enthusiastically received, and Lois Strong's tap dancing proved popular. An imitation of Bing Crosby's crooning by Mary Magela delighted and thrilled the audience, especially the teen-agers. A surprise mock-operatic number by Miss Louise Hart-Smith was a highlight.

The trend shifted back to the Latin-American theme with Anna Marie Boyle's version of Carmen Miranda. A Spanish dance by Gertrude Bigrigg was delightful to watch. The finale brought all the performers on the stage to sing the melody "Cielito Lindo".

During intermission, the Junior Glee Club sang the beautiful "Waltz of the Flowers" and the comical "Burro Song".

Mary Jane Laidman's version of a fashion show brought forth hearty laughs from the audience. This "sneak" preview included styles for the typical teen-aged school girl, the high-school teacher, the often-neglected housewife, the well-dressed boy, the grade IX student of next year, and the dream dress for the bride.

To end this Variety Show, the annual teachers' skit, named "The Chain Gang", depicted a scene in the home of two school girls who were supposedly doing their homework with a few of their chums. All of the teachers deserve honourable mention for their splendid performances. Miss Norma Duffy, who wrote and directed the

skit, also should receive congratulations for her fine effort.

The picturesque scenery was designed by the art department of the F. R. Close Technical Institute. The Variety Show was under the capable direction of a students' committee, comprising Joan McKay, Mary Jane Laidman, Irene Wardrope, and Donovan Penfold; and a teachers' committee, comprising Misses Barbara Mackenzie, Louise Hart-Smith, and Jean Boyes. Piano accompaniments were played by Miss Eleanor Girard. The business manager, Miss Hazel Lorroway, with the assistance of Class 12A, sold 1,416 tickets, making a gross profit of \$354.00. After the show Miss Geraldine Sullivan and her assistants served refreshments to the cast.

Our School Song

Blue and White M. Keffer, S

Here is to the school of Com - merce, Best school in the land

Blue and White for - ev - er May she ever stand

Proudly sing her praises And extol her name

May her children ever strive to Bring her fame



Jackie Roth, 11C.

Hallowe'en Dance—

Spirits alive! On November 2 spooks and scarecrows abounded in the Commerce gym, for that was the evening of our first Hallowe'en Dance.

The stage was appropriately decorated as an old back-yard, and contained all the necessary figures to give the right feeling to the whole affair. Even our forefathers' ghosts were on hand, and grinned down at us from the walls, seeming all too real! These diversions, however, did not hinder the dancers from having an enjoyable evening.

Phil Gage was on hand to supply the music. Those who were present at this dance will remember it for a long time, and are looking forward eagerly to our next Hallowe'en Dance.

—o—

Our Sweater Hop—

Our one and only sweater hop was held on November 22. Dancing was to records, and lasted from 8.30 to 11.45.

Everyone wore her favourite sweater and came with her favourite beau, but whether she left with her favourite beau, I do not know.

—o—

Christmas Dance—

Phil Gage was on hand to welcome all who turned out on December 21 to relieve that "after-exams" feeling.

Merry decorations adorned the gym, and colourfully-wrapped presents (?) filled the basketball baskets. Brightly-lit Christmas trees framed the stage.

Incidentally, who provided the bits of mistletoe placed at random around the gym? Cupid, I wonder?

—o—

New Year's Eve Dance—

On December 31, the Central High School of Commerce gym was almost unrecognizable with its New Year's Eve decorations. A gaily-lit Christmas tree stood on each side of the stage, upon which Jack Ryan and his orchestra "gave out" with the sweetest music. A large, colourful painting of Old 1945 leaving and Young 1946 arriving made a wonderful background of inspiration for the orchestra.

After midnight, a delicious luncheon was supervised by Miss Harley and served by a group of mothers to over 450 appreciative guests, and gave them a good opportunity to become better acquainted with one another. Judging by the hilarious dancing that followed, one would believe that the orange juice "went to their heads".

This was the first New Year's Eve Dance to be held in the school, and we certainly hope to have another next year.

Roller Skating Party—

A very successful roller skating party was held at the Alexandra on January 22. Many students had a chance to "brush up" on their forgotten roller skating antics.

—o—

Valentine Dance—

Hearts were all aflutter in the Commerce gym on February 15. No, I don't mean human hearts. I mean the decorative hearts arranged so ably by our efficient decorating committee.

One large heart, on which that irresistible question "BE MY VALENTINE?" was printed, made a suitable background for the stage.

The romantic atmosphere indicated that CUPID had not failed to attend.

Jack Ryan's orchestra did very well as CUPID's helper in making the dance one that will long be remembered!

Spring Frolic—

On May 3 Commerce officially opened the spring season with their annual Spring Frolic.

"Bugs" Bunny grinned down at the happy couples from his lookout nest (the basketball board). He seemed quite pleased with the music, which, by the way, suited everyone's mood. Eddie Mack and his orchestra certainly knew the students' taste in music.

Many students went home with stars in their eyes. The lucky girl who won the nylons was the envy of all. Two other girls won prizes in the elimination dance.

The teachers in attendance seemed to be enjoying themselves as much as the students.

All agreed that it was Commerce's most successful dance this year.

'Nuff said!

The painter was painting the ceiling of a high room. "Have you got a good hold on that brush?" asked his pal.

"You're darn right I have," answered the fellow painting the ceiling".

"Okay," said his pal. "Then I'll take the ladder away for a little while."

McGillicuddy opened the refrigerator only to find a rabbit reclining comfortably therein. "What are you doing here?" demanded McGillicuddy.

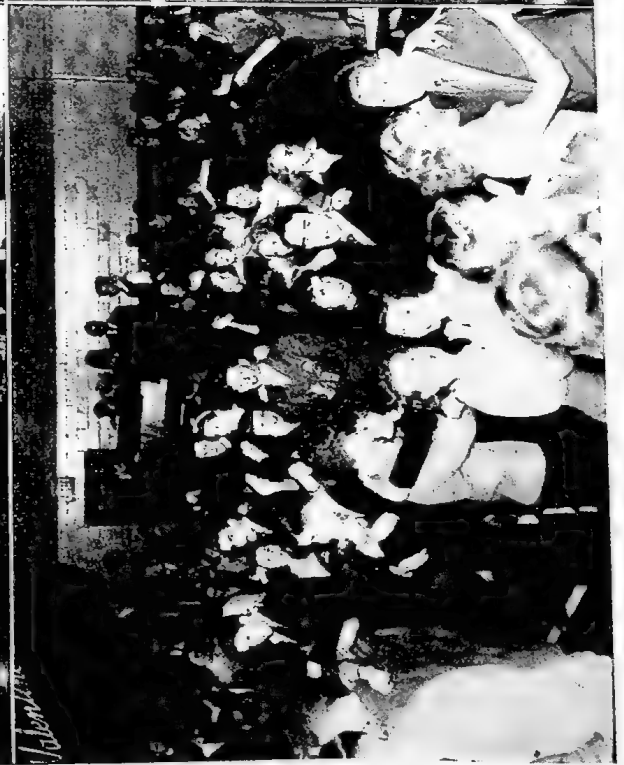
The rabbit eyed him coldly. "Doesn't it say 'Westinghouse' on the door of this ice-box?" he inquired icily. "Well, I'se Westing."



GOLD STAR MEMBERS

For many years now, the Central High School of Commerce has made it a practice to present a pin to each student who has never missed a day at school and who has never been late. The students who hold a perfect record for four years receive a special pin. This year we have only three such girls. They are Jenny Bochenek, Frances Glazer and Doreen Hannam. Congratulations to these "never late, never absent" girls!

Our Dances





SENIOR GLEE CLUB

BACK ROW: S. Dostall, S. Daveinis, A. Procwat, J. Bramer, H. Chesna, M. Strba.
 THIRD ROW: A. Selinger, J. Pfau, A. Blaguski, H. Currie, B. Dyke, B. Raymond, Miss L. Hart-Smith.
 SECOND ROW: M. Sturch, M. Oki, J. Crosthwaite, A. Creasor, I. Huszcza, A. Cooper, L. Borrow, B. Somers, M. Zielonka, H. Somenauer.
 FRONT ROW: E. Girard (accompanist), J. Sommerville, D. Girt, K. Lintott, M. McLea (Librarian), J. Lucas, (President), A. Eastwood, M. Rizzo, G. Dombrowski.



JUNIOR GLEE CLUB

BACK ROW: J. Bond, C. Sheppard, M. Seifert, K. Fedorov, C. Lichon, I. Loga, M. Skewes, M. Horning, J. Halton.
 FOURTH ROW: L. Marshall, P. Kennedy, M. Smillie, H. Freeborn (accompanist), J. Doucette, J. Hamilton, D. Spencer, N. Marshall, G. Mitton.
 THIRD ROW: S. Pipher, E. Stewart, J. Hannam, E. Shipperbottom, E. Kobilanski, L. Kucharski, M. Dometto, H. Yaremko, L. Bentley, N. Lockwood, Miss L. Hart-Smith.
 SECOND ROW: S. Katz, A. Cuzner, L. Marini, B. McBride, B. Shields, L. Thompson, H. Kaluza, A. Bernacki, C. Johnson, B. Rankin, E. Morren, J. Fedorovitch.
 FRONT ROW: C. Cikach, I. Charuk, E. Durniak, M. Bryson, M. Friday, J. Eisler, I. Hnat, J. Newton, D. Morin, B. Wade, M. Hooker, N. Knights.

Girls' Athletics



Magdalene Toth, 12B.

OUR FIELD DAY

Our annual Field Day, held shortly after the opening of school in the fall, started the ball rolling in the field of sports.

The football field at Scott Park, dotted with blue and white figures, presented a lively, colourful scene on that brisk, windy October afternoon.

Everyone was able to take part in the numerous games and stunts arranged by Miss Boyes and Miss Hodgson. The girls were divided into teams which competed against one another in Danish Rounders, Hit Pin Baseball, Kick Dodge Ball, Tennis Baseball, Relays, and Soccer Baseball. Classes 9L and 10F carried off the top honours for the day. The students, incidentally, were not the only participants in this gala occasion, for Miss Mackenzie made a very energetic bell-ringer, and Mr. Pugh was on hand, of course, with his never-ending jokes, to give the girls a few last-minute instructions on how to end up with only ONE broken leg.

An item which proved interesting and novel was the School Yell Contest. Each form composed a song or yell which was delivered in front of the great mass of students decorating the bleachers. The yells were all original and amus-

ing, with plenty of spirit in the delivery. The judges had a difficult time selecting the winner but finally decided in favour of our little grade IX class, 9L. No half-way measure for these girls! They had to be THE champions of the day! Keep up the good work, girls!

VOLLEY BALL

Congratulations to our grade IX and grade XI volley ball stars for their success in the inter-scholastic series! The competition between Delta and our grade IX team, and Westdale and our grade XI team was certainly keen.

Such remarks as "Are those girls good!" and "That is the best game I have ever seen!" were expressed by upper-school girls at the grade XI Westdale-Commerce game — very complimentary expressions indeed to our girls.

Unfortunately, our grade X and grade XII students must have neglected to take their iron pills, for they were a little weak on their return volleys and lost the finals to Tech and Westdale, respectively.

The winning inter-form teams were as follows:

First Teams	Second Teams
Grade IX - 9D	9L
Grade X - 10C	10E
Seniors - 11B	11C



GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

F. Kemp

J. Taylor

P. Such

I. Ashworth

J. Roy



THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

After being dormant for some time, the Girls' Athletic Association has been revived at the Central High School of Commerce. This society consists of the athletic representatives of all the forms. The officers—President, Fern Kemp; Secretary-Treasurer, Pat Such; Volley Ball Representative, Joyce Taylor; Basketball Representative, Irene Ashworth; Baseball Representative, Jean Roy — were elected from the senior athletic representatives.

These girls have taken an active interest in all phases of gym work and have proved themselves to be fine athletes and good sports at all times. They have truly deserved their respective offices.

Here's to the success of our Girls' Athletic Association.

BASKETBALL

Although our girls have not brought home any interscholastic basketball honours, they have had a very enjoyable basketball season.

Several factors contributed to making basketball the most popular feature in the gym this year. At the first of the season Miss Hodgson organized a Referees' Class of approximately twenty girls to look after the refereeing, umpiring, timing, and scoring at the games. Some of these girls also had the opportunity to coach grade IX and grade X teams. This experience, which they enjoyed very much, gave them a splendid chance to develop their abilities in leadership and teaching. In addition, we have had this year a basketball representative, Irene Ashworth, who has done a fine job in looking after the balls, washing the ribbons, setting up seats for games, and organizing a prefect system to look after the discipline in the locker room and the gymnasium during the noon hours. Hats off to you, Irene, for a job well done! Miss Hodgson, Miss Boyes, and the girls certainly appreciated your efforts.

The inter-form basketball champions were as follows:

First Teams	Second Teams
Grade IX - 9B	9C
Grade X - 10B	10C
Seniors - 11B	12A
Congratulations, teams!	

BADMINTON

The Badminton Club, under the capable leadership of Miss Courtice, had a group of very enthusiastic members. Although the majority were beginners, they soon learned the IN's and OUT's of this exciting game, and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

At first there were so many members that they had to take fifteen-minute turns at the courts. Later on, as many things came up to interfere with badminton on Wednesday nights, such as basketball games in the gym, the club decreased in size to approximately twenty-five players.

The members brought their own racquets and birds at the first of the season, but later on they contributed thirty-five cents each to the badminton fund and the birds were supplied by the club. Racquets were also rented to the members by the club.

Tournaments, both singles and doubles, were arranged and prizes given to the best players. Mary Oki and Gordon Bellingham were the outstanding players of the club.

"Halt! who goes there?"

"Canadian."

"Advance and recite the second verse of 'O Canada!' "

"I don't know it."

"Proceed, Canadian!"



A MAN TO PUNCH YOU IN THE NOSE, MR. SMITH.
WILL YOU SEE HIM?





CLASS 9-E.

BACK ROW: H. Kovach, J. Hutton, B. Hynds, T. Jones, J. Leeming, M. Hunter.
 FOURTH ROW: M. Horning, A. Knott, J. Klock, C. Lichon, E. Lopawchuk, M. Kolmer, M. Leger.
 THIRD ROW: Miss D. Young, P. Kennedy, L. Johnson, E. Huba, L. Karibian, L. Kucharski, S. Katz, B. Kneebone.
 SECOND ROW: R. Leather, B. Lauder, C. Johnson, E. Knight, W. Kielbowich, I. Jenson, E. Kobilanski.
 FRONT ROW: N. Knights, G. Keith, M. Hooker, J. Kindness, A. Kuczerepa, E. Krulik, E. Ling, H. Kaluza.



CLASS 9-F.

BACK ROW: P. Gowland, I. Hnat, J. Cleghorn, M. Allen, E. Stewart, G. Mitton, M. Burgess, R. Merriott.
 FOURTH ROW: A. Scott, J. Sparks, L. Paul, S. King, N. Wallace, G. Botting, M. Simmons, M. Bryson.
 THIRD ROW: A. Cuzner, I. Bozaki, L. Bentley, I. Figon, J. Halton, J. Moore, T. Soltyka, Miss L. Hart-Smith.
 SECOND ROW: A. Babcock, J. Langton, A. Eleyonich, N. Dodman, N. Lockwood, J. Pearman, B. Wade, R. Sloan.
 FRONT ROW: E. Kulpa, D. Almas, M. Belisario, B. Rankin, D. Cater, B. Morton, M. Paczosa, A. Kuxecak.



GIRLS' JUNIOR VOLLEY BALL TEAM

BACK ROW: M. Seifert, S. Skuse, N. McTadyen, S. McPherson, S. Hobbs, M. White, A. Topp, M. Hanna, J. Bond.
 FRONT ROW: E. Grey, I. Bozaky, E. Huba, I. Miller, L. Anderson, S. Hancy, J. Rennie.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAMS

BACK ROW: 11-B—C. McIntyre, I. Ashworth, S. Dostal, V. Patterson, B. Smith, J. Nagy, M. Cuzner, M. Boghosian, B. Hannam.
 SECOND ROW: 10-B—M. Oki, S. Rasian, A. Procwat, A. Selinger, J. Bramer, M. Zielonka, E. Hogg.
 FRONT ROW: 9-B—L. Anderson, E. Brown, D. Black, V. Benedict, J. Allan, L. Barker.



CLASS 9-G.

BACK ROW: S. Kinmins, A. Fackelman, K. Bezel, H. Wojtala, I. Sinka, M. Polder.
 FOURTH ROW: E. Harrison, H. Freeborn, I. Mitchel, M. Baxter, E. Patrick, N. Wercholo, H. Koniarz.
 THIRD ROW: M. Smillie, R. Fatimer, M. Seager, N. Ruce, M. Dedridge, B. Crimen, N. Bowman, G. McCrimmen.
 SECOND ROW: I. Andrews, I. Perrow, S. Wood, M. White, M. Dowding, E. Parker, B. Brierly, S. Brand, J. Heslop.
 FRONT ROW: M. Nylund, M. Pankovich, A. Andrycew, J. Mikitchuck, Miss M. Harwood, J. Samplough, N. Wright, B. Thompson, E. Patterson.



CLASS 9-H.

BACK ROW: J. MacKinnon, I. Loyko, M. March, A. Macartney, J. Millar, J. Morgan.
 THIRD ROW: N. Marshall, L. Marshall, M. McIntosh, S. McPherson, K. Lovas, B. McIntosh, B. McBride, N. McFadyen.
 SECOND ROW: E. Majoros, P. Morris, M. McMorran, J. McLagan, I. Miller, P. Meyer, D. Morin, Miss A. P. Sloat.
 FRONT ROW: L. Marini, M. Mapes, M. Magela, M. Mattson, J. Marshall, M. McMahon, I. Loga, E. Morren.



GIRLS' SENIOR VOLLEY BALL TEAM

BACK ROW: M. Rizzo, I. Marshall, B. Pye, S. Worley, V. Patterson, J. Nagy, M. Cuzner, M. Boghosian, G. Polawski.
 FRONT ROW: R. Lohrengel, J. Taylor, G. Del Col, F. Kemp, R. Watson, H. Coats, G. Dombrowski.

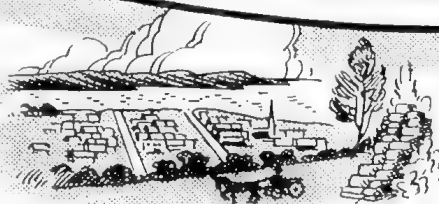


BADMINTON CLUB

BACK ROW: P. Zaboski, J. Morrison, A. Chovaz, G. Bellingham, R. Robertson, (D. Penfold and B. Ratz, absent).
 SECOND ROW: J. Taylor, I. Ashworth, M. Toth, J. Tompsett, J. Cowell, Miss B. Courtice, P. Such, A. Pearson,
 L. Barker, D. Green.
 FRONT ROW: F. Kemp, L. Gerrard, J. Roy, E. Walton, M. Oki, M. McLea, M. Mori, A. Truscott, F. Walton.

The Hamilton Spectator

100 YEARS OF SERVICE



It would look a little crude to us to-day, of course. The old Hamilton of a hundred years ago had only just been incorporated as a city of around seven thousand people. The "horse and buggy" days we call them now. . . The telephone and the automobile were half a century away; the aeroplane and the radio were to amaze their grandchildren. And when the first "Spec" came off the old press on James Street, opposite Market Square, it knew that its destiny depended on one great principle — that of service. For the news it could give and the way it could give it; for the stories it had (weeks old) from a Europe we would not even recognize now, and from a country that had not by any stretch of the imagination become a united Canada under one government, the farmer, the cobbler, the miller and the cabby would be willing to give part of their services in return. The Spectator's success would be measured by the way in which its services were accepted by the community. Communities, big and small, have always operated that way . . . even in 1846.

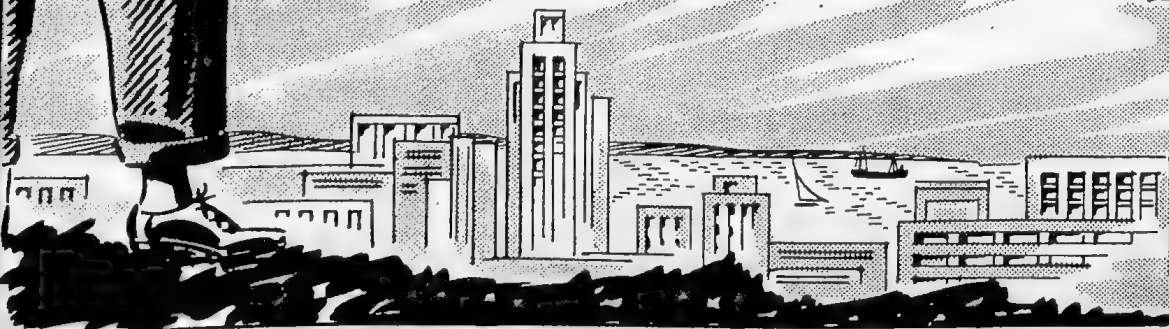
Our banks and smoking factories and great machines and swift transport; the batteries of cable services that have knit the world into one giant unit and bring news from parliaments and battle-fronts like a flash into newspaper offices everywhere — all belong to a new day. Yet the old principle of service, under the quickly changing surface of our modern communities, is the same. It is the lifeblood of any city, and without holding to its trust, no newspaper, or no other business, could survive. It is the choice of any community to decide on its services and to give for them what it feels it should. That is the yardstick of success to-day as it has always been.

So it was a hundred years ago when George Hamilton's farm had been crowded out and covered by buildings from James to Wellington and had left the Gore to the city as a park, for all time. So it was fifty years before when the first settlers exchanged their produce for what services they could obtain, of their own free choice, on their own judgment.

That way, it was the same as now. We only have a right to a place in our community when we can rightfully say "We serve."

The Hamilton Spectator

Established 1846



Boys' ATHLETICS



Jack Shipley, 10A.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Boys' Athletic Association which has been established this year has as its prime purpose the organization, supervision, and support of every phase of intramural and interscholastic sport. There is a president as well as six members elected by the boys of the school. This year they have had a major share in the successful formation of Borden Ball, Basketball, and Soccer leagues within the school. In addition, Interscholastic Basketball received strong support from them. John Edwards, Jim Blackborrow, and Henry Kaluza were the backbone of the organization behind Interscholastic Basketball. The B.A.A. has plans in the making for an extensive athletic programme next year.

B.A.A. Executive

President	Matt Blair
Vice-President	Bill Clark
Secretary	Jerry Voke
Sports Recorder	Norm Fry
Basketball Managers	John Edwards
	Ed Preston
	Tom Charuk

INTERSCHOLASTIC SPORTS

Borden Ball—

Borden ball is now acknowledged as one of the outstanding pre-rugby-season games. It places an emphasis on ball handling and open field running. This game was introduced first at Delta Collegiate Institute, and the Commerce boys have now accepted the game as a natural.

From the six teams entered in the inter-form loop, the twelve best boys were chosen to represent Commerce against a veteran Delta aggregation. The games were played at half-time during the Interscholastic Rugby matches. Six games were played, and Commerce, although admittedly inferior in the first few games, came surging ahead until finally they routed their rivals in the last game. Next year, it is our hope that all schools may participate in a Borden Ball League. With one year's experience, we feel sure we can give any school a battle for top honours.

Basketball—

Commerce fielded a decidedly green aggregation of basketeers. No one had any interschol-
(continued on page 59)



CLASS 9-J.

BACK ROW: Miss B. Courtice, J. Murray, M. Nobes, B. Robertshaw, D. Parsons, K. Nesbitt, F. Ogglesby, B. Reznick.
 THIRD ROW: S. Pace, J. Rickard, B. Olds, B. Neville, J. Newton, N. Roberts, C. Pearson.
 SECOND ROW: R. Nagy, J. Rennie, J. Pope, H. Pierce, H. Pashinski, S. Pipher, P. Poulton.
 FRONT ROW: S. Potts, D. Ollman, F. Nolan, J. Nash, B. Petrie, L. Rideout, M. Ranger, E. Pettitt.



CLASS 9-K.

BACK ROW: S. Skuse, E. Shipperbottom, C. Snelling, D. Thomas, E. Robson, B. Thompson.
 FOURTH ROW: M. Seymour, L. Schonfelt, C. Sheppard, R. Roy, E. Stewart, B. Sosulski.
 THIRD ROW: M. Stewart, D. Senchuk, J. Teather, F. Simmons, V. Stevens, D. Spencer, M. Skewes, M. Seifert.
 SECOND ROW: M. Rowatt, L. Sullivan, L. Thompson, V. Shields, H. Stayshyn, M. Rogers, L. Schaupp.
 FRONT ROW: L. Speare, M. Shewfelt, H. Scoccia, B. Taylor, P. Steuart, K. Robertson, C. Thompson, L. Tedford, Miss R. Scanlan.

Basketball—continued

astic experience, and some were playing basketball for the first time in their lives. "Hank" Kaluza toiled incessantly in the developing of the lads, and although some games were close, victory appeared only once. In the last game of the season, Commerce showed that they were improving every time out by handing Tech a surprising defeat. Commerce, however, during the season, managed to defeat Waterdown High School three times, McNab United Church, and the Westdale Tuxis boys in exhibition games.

Bob Peace was the star of the team, scoring over 200 points during the season. Captain Adam Harras also marked himself as a star to come and was always one of the trickiest men on the floor. Albert Chovaz put on a wonderful display on defence, taking out many long passes. Tom Charuk, not very deadly at the beginning of the year, improved with practice, and towards the end of the year spurred Commerce on with his baskets that were needed so much by the team. Graham Donald also was a tricky man, and had it not been for his deadly shot, Commerce would have been beaten many times by a much greater margin. Doug Rundle played defence and proved to be a valuable asset to the team. Bill Ratz always put on a fine display and helped the team defensively and offensively. Norman Fry never gave up, and when somebody else got the ball, he did his best at taking it from the opponent. Last but not least is Gord Bellingham. Gord was always in there fighting, and also became known as the bad man, as he was dismissed from the game a number of times. John Edwards, manager, succeeded Jim Blackburn, who left to work at the International Harvester Company.

—o—

Hockey—

Again this year, Mr. Pugh took our hockey team to Nichol School in Buffalo. Here the boys put on a splendid display, and although the Buffalo team were bigger and heavier, our boys managed to lead the score 2-1 until after half way through the last period. However, our fellows could no longer take the terrific pounding given them, and failed to stop their opponents for the remainder of the period. Buffalo rammed home 5 goals, and so won the game 6-2.

The team:

Goal—Preston; Defence—Blair, Fry; Forwards—Dunnette, B. Clark, Donald, Cooke.

Track and Field—

For the first time in seven years, Commerce held a boys' field day. Unfortunately, the weather man was against us, and the meet was run under difficult conditions. However, nearly every boy at Commerce participated in one or more events. The champion of the day was Carl Andreeff, with 22 points. Intermediate honours went to Eddie Preston, while Norm Fry topped the juniors with 16 points.

Results:

1. SENIOR:

100 yards—C. Andreeff, 1st; J. Carney, 2nd; B. Peace, 3rd. Time: 10.9 seconds.

220 yards—C. Andreeff, 1st; B. Peace, 2nd; J. Carney, 3rd. Time: 25.5 seconds.

440 yards—J. Carney, 1st; C. Andreeff, 2nd; B. Peace, 3rd. Time: 64 seconds.

High Jump—J. Carney, 1st; C. Andreeff, 2nd; B. Peace, 3rd. Height: 5 feet.

Shot Put—C. Andreeff, 1st; J. Carney, 2nd; B. Peace, 3rd. Distance: 35 feet, 6 inches.

2. INTERMEDIATE:

100 yards—E. Preston, 1st; A. Chovaz, 2nd; B. Ratz, 3rd. Time: 11.2 seconds.

220 yards—E. Preston, 1st; A. Chovaz, 2nd; B. Ratz, 3rd. Time: 27.5 seconds.

440 yards—S. Murdoch, 1st; A. Chovaz, 2nd; B. Ratz, 3rd. Time: 68 seconds.

Broad Jump—B. Robinson, 1st; B. Clark, 2nd; B. Ratz, 3rd. Distance: 15 feet, 2 inches.

Shot Put—E. Preston, 1st; H. Fry, 2nd; B. Robinson, 3rd. Distance: 34 feet, 6 inches.

3. JUNIOR:

100 yards—N. Fry, 1st; F. Whitley, 2nd; A. Brown, 3rd. Time: 11.4 seconds.

220 yards—N. Fry, 1st; F. Whitley, 2nd; B. Ross, 3rd. Time: 29 seconds.

High Jump—R. Clark, 1st; F. Whitley, 2nd; T. Frayne, 3rd. Height: 4 feet, 2 inches.

Broad Jump—T. Frayne, 1st; F. Whitley, 2nd; N. Fry, 3rd. Distance: 13 feet, 6 inches.

Shot Put—N. Fry, 1st; A. Brown, 2nd; F. Whitley, 3rd. Distance: 25 feet, 9 inches.

A Commerce team competed in the 91st Highlanders Annual Track Meet. The team was composed of Norm Fry, Gord Meldrum, Ed Preston, and Bob Peace. Competition was too tough, but at least Commerce was in there trying.

(continued on page 89)

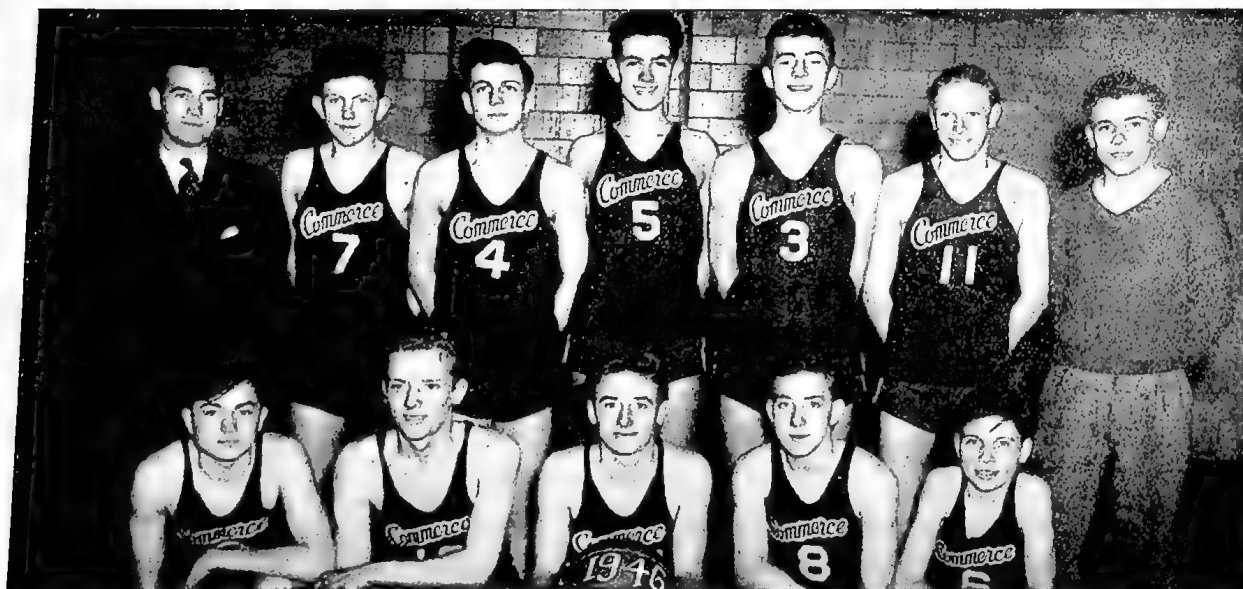


BORDEN BALL TEAM

BACK ROW: Mr. E. Hutton, B. Ratz, K. Hunt, E. Preston, R. Robertson, B. Lawton, M. Blair, A. Harras.

FRONT ROW: C. Andreeff, H. Fry, T. Charuk, B. Peace, N. Fry, B. Clark, B. Cooke.

Absent: Jack Carney.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW: Mr. E. Hutton, J. Shipley, B. Ratz, A. Chovaz, G. Bellingham, D. Rundle, H. Kaluza (Coach).

FRONT ROW: T. Charuk, B. Peace, A. Harras (Captain), N. Fry, G. Donald.



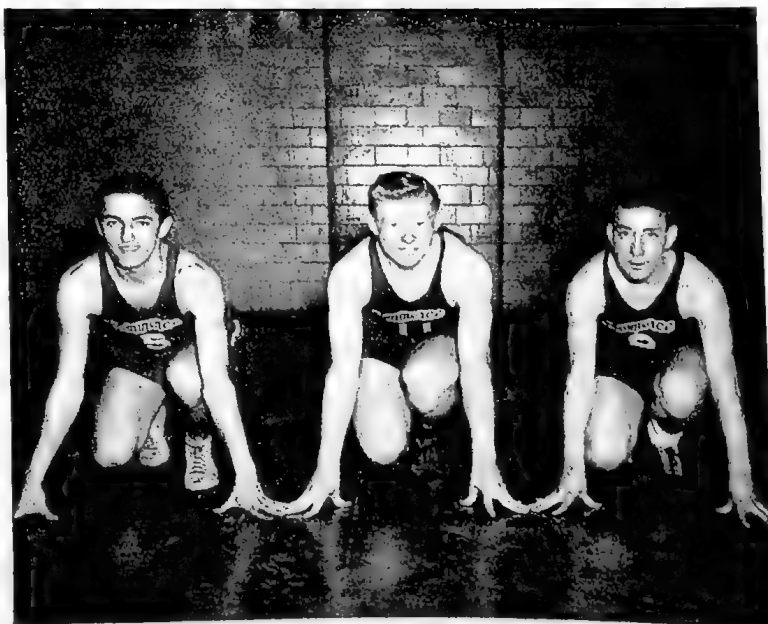
BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

BACK ROW: Mr. E. Hutton, J. Edwards,
M. Blair, G. Voke, B. Clark.

FRONT ROW: E. Preston, T. Charuk,
N. Fry.

TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPIONS

C. Andreeff, Senior Champion;
E. Preston, Intermediate Champion;
N. Fry, Junior Champion.





CLASS 9-L

BACK ROW: J. Wilson, M. Warcing, M. Whittaker, W. Weatherley.

FOURTH ROW: N. Tymkow, B. Watson, P. Warner, M. Venator, M. Waldron, P. Tozer.

THIRD ROW: M. Turner, B. Walker, G. Tokas, M. Thompson, A. Valeri, K. Zebrie, D. Wood, Mrs. K. Matheson.

SECOND ROW: A. Walker, H. Turner, A. Topp, T. Wilson, B. White, H. Yaremko, B. Underhill, M. Thomson, A. Wilkenson.

FRONT ROW: L. Wright, G. Wahlman, B. Trowse, S. Toomey, E. Wingelt, C. Zlatis, M. Westmoreland, R. Westbury, J. Thomson, M. Ward.

THE IROQUOIS MASSACRE

In the little settlement of Ste. Marie, just east of the present-day town of Midland, all was quiet, for the whole garrison was sound asleep. Suddenly the silence was broken by the terrifying war cry of the Iroquois. The raid came as a sudden shock to the inhabitants, as not a sound was made nor a single dweller aroused until the Iroquois brigades were well established inside the settlement's fortifications. Then the massacre began. War-whoops and yells went up from the blood-thirsty throats of the Iroquois. Many inhabitants awoke to find the most ugly-looking painted bodies they had ever seen standing over them, ready to run them through with a poison-tipped spear, or about to bury a tomahawk in their scalps. Others awoke inside a blazing inferno, and were burnt to death. Those who succeeded in escaping to open spaces were met by bands of heavily-armed Indians, quickly overtaken, and dispatched. The priest of the settlement was taken to the stake where he was put to death by the cruel, merciless torture of the Indians. The marauders left with only a handful of prisoners. When daylight broke, only the charred ruins remained of what was once a quiet, prosperous settlement.

—Jack Shipley, 10A.

Mr. Pugh: There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome.

Student: Oh, no? Did you ever try to squeeze tooth paste back into the tube?

—o—

Mr. Langford: A waitress asked me what I wanted. "I feel like a sandwich," I said. She said, "Just give me your order. Don't blame me if the place is over-crowded."

—o—

The Englishman was telling the American about his fine family at home. "Why, right at this minute," he bragged, "my son is riding to hounds."

"Yes," sighed the American. "Mine's going to the dogs, too."

—o—

Defence Attorney: But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, does it prove he is drunk?

Arresting Officer: No, sir, it does not.

Defence Attorney: Then why arrest him?

Arresting Officer: He was trying to roll up the white line!

—o—

Miss Courtice: Please give me a definition of an active and passive verb.

Jean Rennie: An active verb shows action, and a passive verb shows passion.



REFEREES' CLASS

INSET: M. Sheldrake.

THIRD ROW: M. Dundas, D. Green, J. Nagy, V. Patterson, M. Cuzner, M. Boghosian, M. Toth.

SECOND ROW: I. Ashworth, M. Moneczka, D. Hannam, A. Pearson, P. Such, J. McKay, E. Bates, G. Del Col.

FRONT ROW: E. Walton, F. Kemp, J. Roy, L. Gerrard, S. Howe, J. Taylor, M. Hedges.



GENERAL PROFICIENCY PRIZE WINNERS

Back Row — J. Newton, J. Sosulski, D. Barnes, V. Skrybalo, D. Reynolds, M. Halayko.

Front Row — U. Izumi, B. Sosulski, H. Dome, B. Corcoran, J. Pfau, J. Bochenek, J. Hill, H. Koniarz, Y. Hamer.
N. Jones was absent when the picture was taken.



A UNITED NATIONS ORGANIZATION ASSEMBLY

LEFT TO RIGHT: B. Clark, A. Harras, T. Charuk, H. Kaluza, J. Edwards, R. Robertson, B. Robinson, H. Fry, R. Peace, F. Bahm, J. Shipley, B. Cooper, W. Paszko.

Daffynitions

Silence is what you don't hear when you listen.

—o—

A sensible girl is not as sensible as she looks because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

—o—

A gold digger is a girl who falls for a man for all she is worth and for all he is worth.

—o—

A bamboo is an Italian baby.

—o—

Trigonometry is when a lady marries three men at the same time.

—o—

A catalogue is a dialogue by four people.

—o—

A corps is a dead gentleman: a corpse is a dead lady.

—o—

Emphasis in reading is putting more distress in one place than another.

—o—

Gravitation is that if there were none, we should fly away.

—o—

Romantic is a Roman being loyal to Rome.

—o—

A sinister is an old maid.

Mr. Day: What's the meaning of those three balls in front of a pawnshop?

Jack: It means three to one you don't get it back.

—o—

Dr. Wingfield: Light from the sun travels 186,000 miles a second. Isn't that a stupendous speed?

Judy: Oh, I don't know. It's downhill all the way.

—o—

Did you ever hear Dr. Wingfield waxing eloquent on the subject of meat shortages. No? Perhaps he has advised you to fry bacon in Lux to keep it from shrinking.

—o—

Miss Scanlan: Mary, what are preferred creditors?

Mary: I think they're the ones who don't call too often.

—o—

"What did Miss Boyes say when you told her you could tell her past, present, and future circumstances for five dollars?"

"She said I was sure mistaken about her present circumstances."

—o—

Miss Harley: Name a great time-saver.

Ellen: Love at first sight.

Form News

9A.

Gord Cunningham
Maurice Kerman
VerN Stewart
Tom Frayne
FRed Masotti
Albert Brown
PauL Zaboski

Victor Hill
Jack MorrIson
Tom MontGomery
Lloyd Hack

Lewis Stringer
Ron Clark
John Hay
GeOrge Knox
George MOffatt
Fred WhitLey

DOonald Stewart
Norman Fry

Clinton Green
Graham DONald
Jim Maltby
Gord Meldrum
Dave BEDford
Bob Ross
Sandy MurdoCh
Ed PrEston

Albert WHyte
MurrAy Dunnette
Miss Mackenzie
BIll Vlad
WaLter Stubbs
Doug BarreTt

DOug Macdonald
NiNe A

—o—

Miss Mackenzie (after delivering a lengthy lecture on the necessity of dictionaries in English classes): Now, Sandy, what book helps you most?

Sandy: Father's cheque book!

—o—

Ron Clark: Want some marble cake?

George Knox: No thanks. I'll just take it for granite.

9C.

Three cheers for 9C's second basketball team for winning all the games they played.

—o—

Can you imagine:—

Mary Craddock facing the front of the room?

Norma Dickinson without a sweater?

Molly Drown without Victor Hill?

Helen Dome not passing?

Christine Corbin ever being at school?

Isabelle Charuk and Eva Durniak not quarreling?

Miss French with her hair down?

Barbara Eagleton without the "ton" in her name?

Hannah Donnely ever talking?

Ealanor Corbett in school before the five-minute bell?

Connie Cikach with a six-foot boy?

Doris Ellis having her penmanship done?

Jackie Carrol talking about anything except George?

Mary Bihary missing a basket?

Helen Dome not hugging the pipe in 204?

Shirley Cooke sitting through English without a wise crack?

Jean Davison without talking about boys?

Jean Eisler without a book?

Joyce Davis ever stuttering?

Rosaline Comer with short hair?

Audrey Cass without curls?

Frances Dobson with blonde hair?

Betty Eastwood anything but thin?

Erma Eberle paying attention?

Christina Charters speaking up?

Bernice Dowling living in the city?

Marlene DoolITTLE doing anything?

Joyce Doucette singing alto?

9E.

We all wonder why Carl A. calls Bette Hynds "Puddles". Can you guess?

—o—

Yo-Yo's seem to be the 9E fad, and Miss Young has started quite a collection in her desk drawer.

—o—

Grandpa: Don't cry, Sonnie. I'll play Indian with you.

Sonnie: B-but y-you won't do any g-good. Y-you're scalped already.

Eventually



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9E must like Miss Hart-Smith's company (or vice versa) because every so often the class goes up to 301 for a visit after school.

—o—

Who's this certain "Paul" that a certain Mary in 9E raves about? We haven't seen him, but we won't give up hope.

—o—

Joey Klock's hair, we will admit, was slightly blonde in September, but now there's no doubt about its being blonde. Let's all be nice and blame it on the sun.

9F.

A class play was put on by 9F that should have earned a place in the Variety Show, but unfortunately for you, it didn't. It was a scene from "The Merchant of Venice", and though the title sounds stuffy, the play really was the opposite.

The characters were:

Old Gobbo	Mary Belasario
Lancelot	Lorraine Bentley
Gratiano	Joan Sparks
Bassanio	Norma Dodman
Servant	Tillie Solyka
Director	Ida Bozaky
Stage Proprietor	Jean Cleghorn

The players came waltzing in, wearing long black stockings, gym pants, long-sleeved blouses, and hats that even a woman wouldn't wear in spring.

As the play went on, Old Gobbo, whose part was priceless, lost his peculiar-looking hat which was Mrs. Cleghorn's linen table napkin. This set the audience in an uproar, but still more was to come when his fur beard started slipping off his left ear. This was the limit!

This dramatic, comical piece of acting was put on in the Music Room and was very entertaining.

Our sincere thanks go to the director, Miss Ida Bozaky.

—Marjorie Bryson, 9F.

9G.

Our class, 9G, started out in the fall as a class of 39, and we have stayed at that number all year.

Since the fall, our class has led the First Formers in spelling, and have at times led the school. This is a credit to Miss Sloat, our English teacher.

We are planning to have a picnic at Grimsby Beach at Miss Harwood's summer home, after the recommendations have been given out. At that time, there will be a special treat for the row which bought the most War Savings Stamps.

One outstanding event in our class history was our first assembly programme. Our second assembly about "Spring" seemed to be much better than our first one. The way in which the audience applauded showed how much they enjoyed it.

After the Christmas examinations, our class exchanged gifts and went home to enjoy their holidays.

All in all, 9G vote the first year at Commerce to be "tops" and almost perfect.

9H.

The Fun of a Class Hike

On Good Friday, April 19, a group of 9H students went on a hike to Webster's Falls.

We left the Bus Terminal at 9.30 a.m., and entertained the passengers on the bus by singing. We played ball in a Dundas field, and then proceeded on our way up the stairs and through the woods. We walked for about one and a half hours. Finally we reached our destination. Some of the girls rested by the Falls and ate their lunch, while others went up to the park and ate their lunch under a shady tree beside the creek. Many of our admirers whom we had never met before took snapshots of the girls sitting on large boulders.

After lunch the girls met again and played baseball, tag, and catch. Following a very energetic period in which the girls played these games, they wandered around to look at the wonderful scenery (men). Despite our protest some of the girls went home, not because it was boring but because they had dates that night (Hubba! Hubba!).

At 4.30 p.m., the girls decided to leave the beautiful place. Again we went through the woods and almost got lost. The girls picked lovely bouquets of wild flowers that grew on the mountainside. Coming out of the woods, the girls met the others that had come back by way of the road.

On the way home we again entertained the passengers on the bus by our singing of "Shoo Fly Pie" and "One-zy Two-zy". We can't say that they didn't enjoy the singing because they joined in with us.

We arrived home exhausted but still overwhelmed by the hike's success.



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9J.

Destinations

Terry Reynolds: Freshmen, Freshmen, Sophomore, Freshmen.

Rita Reading: Still learning how to spell "CAR" 50 years from now.

Norma Roberts: Working with "Danny Kaye" on how to be funny. (Just look the way you do now.)

Joyce Newton: Hurray for Joyce! she'll make it to be the stenographer of MacKenzie King yet! (When he's out of office.)

Julia Nash: Making up with Dolores in another week.

Evelyn Pettitt: Having her 1,000 children.

June Pickard: "Nor using PEROXIDE" but black dye. "DARKIE".

Shirley Potts: Cleaning pots and pans.

Helen Pashinski: Singing "B.O." on the Bob Burns Show.

—o—

Beverly Moffat, one of 9J's famous explorers, has found her way to North Carolina on her way to Florida.

Loretta Petrie, another of our "once-upon-a-time" girls, is working at the "Cub Aircraft". They say she has been up in an aeroplane. By the way, when she was up in the 'plane, did she pay attention to the scenery or the pilot?

10A.

After a hard, gruelling year of concentrated study and work, we are glad to report the survival of 16 of our 19 MEN!!! We were very sorry to see Jim Blackborrow (Junior Basketball Manager) and Bob MacFarlane (the Scotchman) leave us to accept office positions. 10A wishes you every success, Jim and Bob. Ralph Cope was a sick-list casualty in March, and will not be back until next September. See you then, Ralph.

The academic record of 10A has been above average, and in the field of sport its achievements have been worthy of note. This class provided 7 of the 14 players on the Basketball team, and 8 of the 16 players on the Borden Ball team. In Hockey, 3 of our boys from 10A played on the Commerce team. They played a courageous game against the heavier Buffalo team. Although Field and Track did not turn out very successfully for us, almost everyone entered in one or more of the events.

The boys of 10A and 11A combined to put on one of the outstanding assemblies of the year when they presented a meeting of the U.N.O. The gymnasium was appropriately decorated with the flags of the nations represented on the Security Council, and speeches were made by boys representing the world's eminent statesmen.

All the members of 10A assure you that they will make an enthusiastic and spirited 11A group next year.

10B.

We give three cheers to the class basketball team who brought honour to class 10B by winning the grade X championship. The members of the team are Sylvia Rasian (captain) Mary Oki, Ann Procwat, Elle Hogg, June Bramer, and Alma Selinger.

In volley ball we were not quite so lucky, having won only four games out of five. Good work, girls!

—o—

In February, 10B, for a bit of social life, held a very successful class party at the Dale Centre. Boys and girls, garbed in their baggiest sweaters, arrived at the hall and commenced to dance to the latest recordings. All-day suckers were given as prizes for the novelty dances. Later in the evening hot dogs, hot chocolate, and small iced cakes were served. It was heartily agreed that everyone had a wonderful time.

We would like to show our appreciation to two grand prefects, Norma Walker and Irene Verrall.

10C.

Class 10C was really in the groove this year concerning sports. In volley ball the first team was successful in winning the grade X championship. Mary Dome and Joyce Hart were represented on the "All-Star Team".

During the basketball season the second team came forward to win the form championship. Joyce Hart, Mary Dome, and Nancy Markow were represented on the "All-Star Team".

We would like to take this opportunity to say a special "good-bye" to six girls who left us during the term. They are Thelma Olsen, Vera Brown, Shirley Ferninhough, Betty Grant, Joan Collins, and Dolores Anderson. Good luck in your new jobs!

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10D.

The most pleasant experience we had this year was buying Mr. Purdy a gift for his "new addition". We decided to buy a silver spoon and have the baby's initials put on it. As we wanted to keep it a secret, Mr. Donaldson came to the rescue and told us that the baby's name was Kathryn Simone Purdy. We also bought flowers for Mrs. Purdy. We are wondering whom Kathryn will take after, her handsome and intelligent father, or her beautiful mother.

—o—

We did not do so well in sports, winning only two out of five games in basketball and three out of five games in volley ball. It was tough luck when Doreen Greathead, our star forward basketball player, injured her leg in the second game and could not play. Mildred Taylor and Mabel Chappel were the only girls to make the all-star team.

—o—

A sleigh-ride, attended by twenty couples, was held in January.

In February a class party was held at Mildred Taylor's house at which everyone had an enjoyable time.

10D's Tea was also a success.

10E.

We remember when—

The whole class was present for the one and only time.

The second volley ball team came first in the grade X games, and Alice Halbert and Joan Hill succeeded in making the all-star team.

J. L. asked Miss Duffy why Shakespeare did not write in better English.

The first basketball team lost the final game. Vera Ross, Joan Hill, Florence Harrell, Laura Carter, and Alice Halbert succeeded in making the all-star team.

M. P. played a joke on the teachers with an empty jar of cold cream and a paper snake with a spring in it.

Our mothers came to the class tea, which was quite successful.

Mrs. Richardson (Miss Broad) was late and Mr. Price phoned to the office and Miss Sullivan thought he was a pupil and told him to sit down and keep quiet.

A certain bashful teacher had her picture taken twice without knowing it.

10F.

Personality Parade

Shirley Bodden — In Bookkeeping Shirley is hard to beat; she does her work so very neat.

Aileen Morrison — Aileen Morrison is our prefect; she keeps our school laws in effect.

Dorothy Hodgson — Sometimes late, sometimes on time; she is a flash on the basketball line.

Marguerite Thomson — Marguerite Thomson is in our class; and she is a very bright little lass.

Kathryn Walker — A very small girl is Kathryn Walker; and she is really a terrible talker.

Yvonne Hamer — Yvonne Hamer is very smart; she really takes her work to heart.

Mrs. Richardson — And now we come to our dear teacher; she really would make quite a preacher.

10F is Commerce's pride and joy;
Our girls are good sports, tactful, and coy.
Eileen likes school, but she's never inside;
Evelyn's laugh can be heard far and wide;
Aileen does her work, but it's not always right;
Leona is small, but she has plenty of might;
Jenny is small, but she's always keen;
Lois, we like, for she never is mean;
Kathryn does her work, but not without fuss;
Now on to the next class, for this finishes us.

10G.

Joan Wood

Elizabeth Wood

June Hall

Joan Wilson

Sally Proose

Eileen Cooper

Bernadette Byrnes

Noreen Stewart

Kay Montgomery

Dorothy Girt

Jean Phillips

Joan Konishi

Miss Duffy

Ginger Naylor

Harriet Seaman

Barbara Stevens

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June BEll

Audrey Curtis
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June Babcock
DOris Brohammer
JoY Lavender

11A.

Last year Mr. Price and Mr. Hutton decided to start a Business Administration Course at Commerce. Boys came from all schools- some from Delta, some from Central, some from Tech, and some from Cathedral. On the first day of school last September, 18 boys were present to form the first class in Business Administration in Ontario, and perhaps Canada.

During the Christmas holidays, some of the boys joined forces and visited the homes of Miss Dodds, Mr. Pugh, Mr. Purdy, and Mr. Donaldson. They took Mr. Purdy a rattle, and he in turn gave them a cigar to take to Mr. Pugh.

Four of our class left us during the year. Jack Carney joined the Marines; Bob Reid and Ed McMillan entered the business world; and Bill Johnson moved out of the city. To them we wish the best of luck.

WE ARE THE GIRLS OF 11B.

Dyke's voice you will always hear,
Not like the others, but soft and clear;
But Strba's blonde and silken hair
Is what gets all the fuss and care;
Our Figon is certainly not a careless lass,
And in her maths she'll always pass;
It's Brogley whose high speed and skill,
In shorthand makes us ill.
Hussar's the one who wrote this stuff,
And ought to know 'nuff's nuff.
When there are boys in a crowd,
That's where you'll find Marion MacLeod.
Madeline Brown lives on high ground,
And when it snows she can't be found.
Shirley Dostall is her name,
And in sports she has won fame.
That lass named Abel is quiet and sweet,
But watch out when she turns on the heat.

Skrybalo's dark eyes and brown hair
Will help her in the game of masculine snare.
Stewart's dimples are big and round;
All through the day her giggles sound.
Our whiz at French is one named Barnes,
Is she going to be one of those old school marms?
MacIntyre stays home to play,
And burns her hand to make it a day.
Smith is a gal whom we've never heard say
"It's perfectly clear, and as plain as the day."
Hannam is quite a charming young girl,
Whose short brown hair has plenty of curl.
Boghosian is a gal who can do much,
And even at that she's never in Dutch.
Smiling and happy is our Joyce,
And she has a very good voice.
Patterson has OOMPH, you need not look twice,
For she's another red-headed Sheridan, with
lots of spice.

When Nagy her volley ball is ready to serve,
Everyone beware of that right-hand curve.
That faint little hum you hear all day long,
Is Rasian going over the No. 1 song.
Our Freeborn is really a useful gal;
In maths she is always helping a pal.
Cuzner is a student loved by all;
They started loving her back in the fall.
Andrews is a gal, quiet but quick;
She really is a very slick trick.
Lindstrom's small (?) voice, we know for a fact
Is certainly natural, and not an act.
Murase, the little Japanese lass,
Is adored by the class, en masse.
Moose is the name of an animal,
But Elizabeth "definitely" is no cannibal.
Tilston's efficiency surpasses all,
I'll bet she receives many a call.
Tilbury's a gal who has practically no vice,
But she is afraid of — mice.
McCartney is the girl with the gracious smile,
Which will help her in going many a mile.
Meikle is the gal with the big blue eyes,
Who looks at Mr. Day, and sighs and sighs.
Ashworth is tops in athletics,
But her favorite subject, I'm afraid, is not
mathematics.
And by hook or by crook,
The last, but not least, will be Cook.

The two men hadn't met for about 15 years.
"And is your wife as pretty as she used to be?"
asked the first.

"Oh, yes," replied the second, "but it takes
her much longer."



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11C. Musical Moods

Mrs. Chaplin: "How Many Times Do I Have to Tell You?"

Anne Tokarsky: "Annie with the Laughing Face."

Zora Jakovcich: "Slender, Tender, and Tall."

Muriel Storey: "On the Sunny Side of the Street."

Shirley Baker: "Ain't She Sweet!"

Genevieve Dombrowski: "Sweet and Lovely."

Irene Kluwak: "Where Are You Now?"

Anne Onyszkiv: "Strictly Instrumental."

Jenny Sosulski: "Jenny Got a Zero."

Barbara Thornton: "I Wish I Knew."

Doreen Bissell: "Hubba! Hubba!"

Jackie Roth: "Quiet, Please!"

Agnes Weston: "Buckle Down, Winsocki."

Fern Kemp: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."

Lorena Huckson: "There Must Be a Way."

Doris Green: "Sometimes I Wonder."

—o—

Silence reigns — Jackie Roth has laryngitis!

—o—

What would happen if —

If Barbara Stohge decided to become serious?

If Wanda Tlurek grew to 5' 10" or more?

If Fern Kemp didn't like sports because she thought they were unglamorous?

If Eileen Duvall, Barbara Thornton, Joyce Ellithorn, and Mary Majnarich became the noisiest girls in the class?

If Doris Ibbott casually walked into the room at 8.30 a.m?

If Gladys Polawski talked in a basso profundo voice?

—o—

Seeing Jean Boyd blushing in the halls, we thought Mr. Hutton had just smiled at her. We were wrong! Jean had just come from hanging upside down on the gym bars.

11D

Name	Age	Weakness	Ambition	Probable Fate
Joyce Beemer	Teething	Sweaters	Sweater girl	Modelling blouses
Audrey Cooper	Not what she hopes	Putting locks on backwards	Conscientious office worker	Matron at Windsor Show
Gloria Del Col	Under 40	Sports	Baseball player	Bat girl
Mary Eggleton	She's shy about it	Eating life-savers	To answer all Mr. Riseborough's questions	Quiz kid
Mildred Gamble	Too young to concentrate	Laughing	To be an old maid	Housewife
Margaret Hiscox	She sure doesn't act it	C. A. T. S.	Secretary to the army	Scrubbing decks
Shirley Howe	Innocent bliss	Silence	To graduate	Graduating
Helen Kranyak	Getting to be a big girl	Blushing	100 words per minute	99 words per minute
Florence Logan	Now let's see	Mildred Gamble	Working in a candy factory	Working in a glue factory
Ruth Lohrengel	Too young to know	Colours	To be a lady of leisure	Taking in washing
Gwen Mason	She forgot	Answering English questions	To understand all English subjects	Taking up Chinese
Irene Parrish	Young in heart	Chewing pencils	To get up in the world	Elevator operator
Joan Pinder	Ask her	Lending paper	To get back borrowed paper	Writing on newspaper
Vera Roberts	Stopped growing (Hope!)	Short people	To get her man	Falling down a man-hole
Colleen Sharpe	Still growing	Radio advertisers	To go through a sales talk easily	Are you kidding?
Joyce Taylor	It's hard to say	Cute boys	To go up in an aeroplane	Making parachutes
Mr. C. R. A. Day	WOULDN'T WE LIKE TO KNOW	APPLES	TO TEACH 11-D ARITHMETIC	11-D TEACHING HIM

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11E.

March 28, and the 11E gals threw a party in honour of Commerce's wonderful (we think so, anyway!) basketball team in the games' room of Dale Centre. Sixteen boys, just enough to go around, showed up. We danced all evening, and then took time out for some of Dot Gillespie's delicious (it says here!) chocolate cake. Seriously, Dot, it was good.

Everyone agreed that the party was a huge success even though Jeannette Johnson refused to share Bill Ratz with any other girl (we don't think he wanted to be shared!). We're sure Mickey Chovaz had fun, even if he did miss the last bus home and had to walk. Dot Murray and Bill Clarke danced all night together. Incidentally, they are still going strong—gee, they make a cute couple! L. B. spent the entire evening dodging a certain party, while Donna Macartney flitted about the room — being friendly. Pat Jay got her wish to dance with her secret heart — we won't tell, Pat!

The next day in school, the girls were all clammering for ANOTHER party — so soon!

—o—

We wonder:

If Shirley Worley has a temper to go with that red hair.

If a certain curly-haired man in 11A realizes how Carole Eberle feels about him.

If Donna still likes A. W. — she denies it vehemently, but — we dunno.

What some of our girls see in those first-form lads — really! In our opinion, the cream of the crop is in 11A.

12A.

Even though Frank Sinatra entered into the limelight in 1943, the repercussion is still being felt. Take for example the October day in Mr. Hutton's class when a 12A student, asked to give the French word for window (*la fenêtre*), stood up and answered "*la sinatra*".

12A was the first class to plunge into the mustard this year. In spite of all the inconvenience, however, the hot dog sales proved successful and netted the desired amount for a graduation gift to the school.

I wonder what the inspectors thought that day when they came into the gym with Mr. Price and found 12A and their gym teacher sitting on the floor minus shoes, violently wriggling their toes.

What blonde in 12A when asked by her English teacher to define the word "Pullman" responded, "A Pullman is a conductor who helps people on and off trains and carries their baggage."

And what brilliant student had Mr. Riseborough tearing his hair (?) when she said that a "teetotal vessel" was a vessel which toted nothing but tea?

Mr. Hutton and Mr. Purdy may have been surprised when they heard a request for themselves (Hubba! Hubba!) over a local radio station, but they weren't half as surprised as 12A a few days later when the above-mentioned teachers requested "I Can't Begin to Tell You" for this class and 12B.

Why was a girl of 12A with the initials J. G. so willing to run errands up to the third floor in the direction of Mr. Purdy's room?

While the 12A first basketball team was defeated by the young whippersnappers from third form, the second team was victorious in downing all opponents.

Mr. Riseborough's 12A class had quite a chuckle to themselves when recently this honourable teacher numbered on the blackboard eighteen verb tenses and had the numbers CIRCLED. For the benefit of those who haven't had Mr. R. as yet, he skins anyone who doesn't put a period after a number, and the look of disgust on his face when someone circles a number is something to behold. EDITOR'S NOTE: See snapshot page.

Was it merely coincidence the day that two close chums of 12A, when tardy, came in separately and both gave the same excuse to the letter?

12B.

Hats off to the EDITOR! Mary has earned our admiration since she has been at Commerce, especially this year. Not only has she edited *THE ARGOSY* but also she has managed to come first in class. In addition to being brilliant, Mary has a winning personality and has become a popular figure in the school.

We often wonder why a certain little girl dreams away the double English periods on Monday mornings. Would someone called Bert have anything to do with it?

We will all miss the little witticisms of WIRTY-WILLRICH. She always had so many of them up her sleeve that we often wondered if she spent ANY TIME sleeping.

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EVERYTHING

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Who do you think was the quietest person in 12B this year? You guessed it—Eileen Young, of course. We had to look back every so often to see if she was still with us.

We wonder why Miss Toth is so interested in her work (at the Dairy Bar)? Would a tall, dark and handsome (from what we hear) young man have anything to do with it?

Gloria P. has been declared the Hubba Hubba Girl of 12B. Hubba! Hubba! (especially in that seater).

Jean Roy is still playing the field! She does need a lot of room to exhaust that extra vim and vitality. Incidentally, Jean always reminds us of a cereal ad. She's always sparkling and ready to go.

Here's Betty Hart, rushing into the gym again at the last minute. What's the matter, Betty—something wrong with that combination, maybe? Incidentally, Betty is always in a rush. We don't know what the reason for her rush is—could it be to keep her figure?

If you should happen to call on Marion Stevenson some time in the future, don't be surprised if she is reading the new edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

And who do you think the little "Secretary" of 12B is? Why, of course! Scotty! What a smile! What a personality!

What do you think of a girl who can type 70 words per minute, play the piano, drive a car, model, work on the side, and still get honours in her subjects? Yes, it's Lorraine Nicholson. Don't get excited, boys; Ronald Colman beat you to it!

We often wondered what attracted Grace Rowette to the farm every week-end. I bet it wasn't the chickens!

We hear that Mary Frisch is going to the Spring Frolic on a blind date. (Hubba! Hubba!) Maybe she'll be able to tell us more about that nice young farmer after the dance.

People say that sleeping in class is not very profitable, but I don't know about that! Mary-Jane got a super composition out of it, which isn't bad.

Here is Joan again, sauntering in at four minutes to nine again. Not because she slept in, either. She just finds so much to talk about to Art in the mornings.

There's Jo again with that little black camera of hers, catching the teachers and also her friends unawares in some very interesting poses.

Just a word about the business ventures of 12B. Our hot dog sale was a huge success! Our 12-inch dogs rivalled Coney Island Specials! Unfortunately, we can't say the same about our candy sale. We are still paying dentist bills for damages.

Every time we see Magdalene coming down the hall, she has her nose in a French book. If you call on her some night, you will probably find her reading the French version of "Up In Mabel's Room".

Boys, if you ever have an urge to eat Orange Bavarian Creme, call on our cute little redhead, Jeananne Tompsett. I bet the next time you call it won't be for Orange Bavarian Creme.

On the whole, 12B has been a very devoted class. We know that our teacher, although he never admits it, is proud of us. Maybe we can get him to sing his French version of "Sweet Sue" to us one of these days.

SPECIALS

The Specials were very busy this year raising money to put toward the graduation gift. We began our campaign by selling Butterfly Buns, and later on a Doughnut sale was held which proved to be equally successful. Because of the efforts of Miss Ferguson in making stuffed elephants for small class draws, our bank account grew by leaps and bounds.

In appreciation of the tea given by the Fourth Forms to welcome the Special Class into their midst, the Specials gave a Valentine Party for the teachers and graduating class. Several pictures were taken for future use in THE ARGOSY magazine.

We are glad to hear that Mary Darlington is getting along so well in her new position at the Steel Company, and our best wishes go to Phyliss Raymond at Burlington Steel and to Dave Bradley at the Firestone. Lots of luck, kids!

Remember When: Miss Wood called Thomas Bishop "Deacon"? We all forgot our Office Practice books and had to go out timidly to our lockers in the company of a very angry and shall we say "irritated" Miss Ferguson? Hill came back to school and he had been there the day before? Mr. Pugh told Miss Ferguson she worked her girls too hard since one poor unfortunate fell asleep at noon time in sight of Mr. Pugh's room?

We Wonder: Does the Boots and Saddle girl really miss that Dundas Bus or does she sleep in?

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SIMPLEST

SWIFTEST

SUREST

SLEEPING IN CLASS

(continued from page 23)

to the floor. Such an act would obviously give you away.

Remembering these simple rules, you will soon become an accomplished sleeper in class. There are all kinds of advantages to it.

Just think. You will never have to do any homework, because you will be deep in the arms of Morpheus when the teacher assigns it. After all, you can't be expected to do homework when you didn't hear the assignment, can you?

What about the teacher who insists on making you read poetry when you would rather be reading the adventures of Superman? You can fool him by pretending to look at the poetry book and yet be dreaming about Superman.

There are many more advantages, but, after all, if you have ever been aroused from bed early in the morning, you must know most of them.

The only time I really enjoy waking up is at the end of a hard day at school, when I can drag my weary bones home, away from the horrors of school, to my bed, where I can take a little nap before dinner.

But I'm not lazy. I'm just tired!

—Mary Jane Laidman, 12B.

—o—

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS WAS TO BLAME

(continued from page 27)

ushered out the main entrance for even suggesting that Mr. White reopen his bake shop for me, I started stumbling towards the door. I was sincerely surprised when the sweet old soul relaxed his features in a toothless grin and laughingly told me that he would probably have done the same thing when he was a boy.

What a beautiful skiing party we had! Never before have I tasted buns of such majestic flavour, wholesome goodness, and elegant form!

June Cowell, 12A.

—o—

A small boy came hurriedly down the street, and halted breathlessly in front of a stranger who was walking in the same direction.

"Have you lost a half dollar?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, I believe I have!" said the stranger, feeling in his pocket. "Have you found one?"

"Oh, no," said the boy. "I just want to find out how many have been lost to-day. Yours makes fifty-five."

MY PROUDEST MOMENT

(continued from page 29)

I couldn't hold it any longer. The question tumbled off my lips. I grinned sheepishly and glanced at Mom. She looked surprised. Dad just looked. Finally, he burst into loud guffaws.

"What do you think, Mother?" he stopped laughing long enough to inquire.

"I don't see why not. I've been noticing his face—yes, I think it's perfectly all right for him to do it."

I didn't wait any longer. I ran into the house. When I emerged twenty minutes later, I was grinning from ear to ear.

"Nicked yourself a bit, didn't you, Son?" Dad loved to tease.

"Sure I nicked my face a bit. But, gosh! A fellow can't expect his first shave to be perfect!"

—Leona Borrow, 11E.

—o—

BIRTH OF A CITY

The epic story of Magnitogorsk, in Russia, is astonishing to all. In the 1920's it was a desert, seldom visited by men. Nearby was a great magnetic mountain containing a huge amount of iron ore. Here two thousand people came to work, sweat, and even die to build an immense industrial city. Some came because they wanted excitement; some came because they had been exiled from their homelands; still others came because they had neither food nor money and wanted to make a living. But here, in Magnitogorsk, the food and clothing were inadequate for these thousands. In the winter, with a temperature of 50° below zero, many froze, and many fell from the scaffolds on which they worked; with a temperature of 120° above zero in the summers, many fainted and met the same fate. Finally, in 1932, this city was finished, but not before many thousands more had sacrificed their lives. Yes, the epic story of Magnitogorsk is astonishing to all.

—Julia Pfau, 10B.

—o—

Patrolman: That's not the truth. We've had too many "Smiths" around here. Give me your real name and make it snappy.

Speeder: Well, if I must, it's W. Shakespeare.

Patrolman: That's better. You can't bluff a man like me with that "Smith" stuff.

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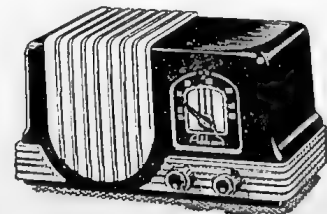
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THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

Name	Favourite Expression	Pet Peeve	Favourite Song	Favourite Book or Author	Hobby or Pastime	Ambition
Boyes, J.	I think it'll be a good show.	Clumsy dancers	Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing in a Hurry	Arthur Murray	Teaching square dances	To replace Eleanor Powell
Chaplin, M.	I don't know whether I've told you this before, but . . .	People who ask her if she's related to Charlie	My Old Kentucky Home	Uncle Tom's Cabin	Wearing out a hall locker	To meet Senator Claghorn
Courtice, E.	Watch the birdie!	People who'd rather play tennis	I'm Just a Bird in a Gilded Cage	Captain Marvel	Lending badminton racquets	To win a tournament
Day, C.	You girls are supposed to be doing homework!	Idle people	Don't Just Stand There! Do Something!	International Business Machines	Giving work to Miss Lorraway	To have control over his classes
Dodds, H.	That's the smallest book I have.	Last-minute book readers	Why Don't You Do Right?	Les Misérables	Looking for small books	To hand out 400-page library books
Donaldson, J.	I'm sorry, girls. You can't stay after four to-night!	Marking paragraphs	I've Got a Woman Crazy for Me	Memoirs of Julius Caesar	Fighting off the girls	All-boys classes
Duffy, N.	Sure, I'm Irish!	Mr. Riseborough, 'cause he wouldn't be in the skit	Dark Eyes	My Antonia	Pounding on the blackboard	To pound through to the next room
Ferguson, E.	Now, girls, what shall we buy?	Graduating classes who can't raise \$15.00	Evelina	Suggestions for Graduation Presents	Worrying about the graduation present	To have an all-boys special class
French, H.	No, I'm not French!	People who think she's French	Mademoiselle from Armentières	French-English Dictionary	Getting help from Room 215	To learn French
Harley, M.	Girls, you'll just HAVE to hurry!	Girls who won't answer in class	Home on the Range	Junior Housekeeping	Giving demonstrations in class	To have a cooking class finish on time
Hart-Smith, L.	Don't touch that machine!	People who touch that machine	Louise	Piano Tuner's Journal	Listening to the birdies sing	To sing in the Mct.
Harwood, M.	Have you got your sockets on?	Students who can't decide what they want to be	It's Gotta Be This or That	How to Win Friends and Influence People	Wearing her bee-oo-tee-ful fox furs	To hear that leg paint has gone for good
Hodgson, F.	What happened to your uniform?	Gray gym shoes	The Man on the Flying Trapeze	Healthful Living	Winning rhumba contests	To see a whole row of clean white gym shoes

Name	Favourite Expression	Pet Peeve	Favourite Song	Favourite Book or Author	Hobby or Pastime	Ambition
Hutton, E.	The third forms are MUCH better!	English-speaking people	La Marseillaise	Course Moyen de Français	Teaching French in noon hours	To have a Commerce team win!
Langford, E.	You'll have to do the whole page over.	People who copy his mistakes from the board	One-zy Two-zy	Junior Book-keeping	Talking to Mr. Riseborough in the hall	To do perfect work on the board
Lorraway, H.	Gentlemen!	Crossed legs in typing room	I Want to Be Happy	Fowler's Modern English Usage	Giving Joan MacKay red seals	To keep calm when surrounded with work
Mackenzie, B.	I wish I could go to Florida.	Grade IX boys	Show Me the Way to Go Home	Book of One-act Plays	Worrying about the Variety Show	To put on a play
Macpherson, M.	What's that supposed to be?	Moccasins	Take It Off! Take It Off!	McCall Pattern Book	Putting marks in her mysterious black book	To have everyone call her Mrs. Macpherson
Matheson, K.	Girls, attention or you'll get detention!	Talkative girls	In Our Merry Olds-mobile	How to Drive in Five Easy Lessons	Driving to work with hubby	To drive HIM to work
Pothter, K.	Keep in line, girls!	Friendship displayed in lines	You Walk By	Policemen's Journal	Straightening lines	To own a police whistle
Pugh, H.	Hubba! Hubba!	Shy girls	I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire	The Night before Christmas	Talking to girls	To win the Nobel Prize
Purdy, G.	Never mind! I'll add it myself!	Book-forgetters	Why Do You Do Me like You Do?	Einstein's Theory of Relativity	Imitating Frank Sinatra	To sing a solo
Richardson, E.	Swing it!	Right elbows on the desk	I've Got Rhythm	The Letter	Looking after new hubby	To be a full-time housewife
Riseborough, J.	The bell has rung!	Modern authors	Smoke Gets in Your Eys	Shakespeare's "Hamlet"	Smoking	To play "Hamlet"
Scanlan, R.	I'll bring my violin.	Banjo players	Love in Bloom	Jack Benny	Playing the violin	To be a concert violinist
Sloat, P.	But homework's good for you!	Students who don't enjoy English periods	I Love Life	Anything that's good!	Persuading students that supplementary reading is fun	To take a trip around the world
Wingfield, A.	Did you hear the joke about the Scotchman who	People who don't laugh at his jokes	Alexander's Ragtime Band	The World Atlas	Making speeches	To tell a good joke
Wood, R.	Wood—just one stick!	Students who call her "Miss Woods"	The Woodpecker Song	Woody Woodpecker	Marking papers with Miss Lorraway	To relax—just relax
Young, D.	But, boys, I'm busy to-night!	Would-be boy friends of 15 years	They're either Too Young or Too Old	Escape	Being the "hubba hubba" teacher of Commerce	To get the boys to LISTEN to her!

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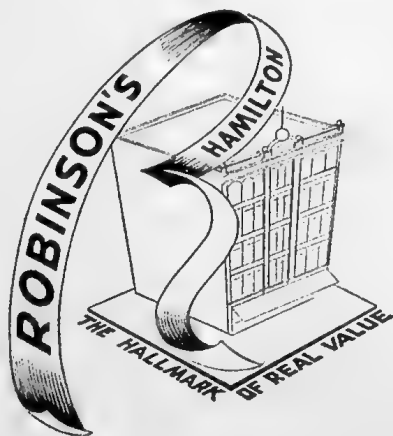
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BOYS' ATHLETICS

(continued from page 59)

—o—

INTER-FORM SPORTS

Borden Ball—

Six teams composed of eight players each ran a full schedule with play-offs through September to November. Bob Peace's team finally edged out Matt Blair's team to gain the championship after a hard-fought series.

—o—

Basketball—

The inter-form basketball loop provided many upsets. The games were close and fast, and many a game was lost by only a few points. Jerry Voke's team showed fine style, and went through to win the championship after eliminating their toughest rivals—the team captained by Harvey Fry.

—o—

Soccer—

An inter-form soccer schedule has been drawn up. Up to date Bill Clarke's team leads the loop, having won every game it has played. Other teams are captained by Matt Blair, Harvey Fry, and Jerry Voke.

"Dad," said Peter, "a boy at school to-day told me I was very like you."

"Oh," said Mr. Price with a smile, "and what did you say?"

"Nothing," came the reply. "He's a lot bigger than me!"

—o—

Mr. Purdy, visiting his country friend, was walking through a pasture when he heard a buzzing sound. "Come away from there!" the friend shouted. "It's a rattlesnake. If you go near it, it will strike!"

"Gosh," said Mr. Purdy, "do they have unions, too?"

—o—

Office Executive: Can you type?

Jenny B.: Yes, I use the Columbus system.

Office Executive: What's that?

Jenny B.: I discover a key and then land on it.

—o—

Skjoled: My wife is trying to reduce but isn't succeeding very well.

Bjones: Tell her to have faith. Remember, faith will move mountains.

Skjoled: You may have seen mountains, but you have never seen my wife.

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Jane Moore: Do you know what the little rabbit said as he rushed out of the burning forest?

Rita Sloan: I've been deferred!"

—o—

FASHIONS

Fashions in dress are forever changing. When our grandparents were young, clothes were very different from the styles of to-day. Those were the days of the long, full skirts and gigantic hats upon which were perched masses of feathers. Usually a plume or two hung down the wearer's back. I remember my grandfather telling me that when a lady crossed the street, she lifted her skirts slightly to keep the hem from becoming soiled. In the 1920's, waistlines and hemlines were almost meeting, and skirts were considerably shorter. No doubt the clothing of modern times would shock the prim ladies of the past. To-day we laugh at pictures of our ancestors in these costumes. Perhaps, fifty years from now, our descendants will find much humour in pictures of Grandfather and Grandmother in "those funny clothes" of to-day.

—Barbara Whetham, 10B.

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Miss Dodds: Name two books that Milton wrote and tell under what conditions each was written.

John Edwards: Milton wrote "Paradise Lost"; then his wife died, and he wrote "Paradise Regained".

Mr. Hutton: "What's the idea of suddenly taking French lessons?"

Mary H.: "Oh, we've adopted a French refugee baby, and we want to be able to understand what he says when he begins to talk."

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Annie Melnick and Eva Bidinost were each given a horse for Christmas. They wondered how they could tell them apart.

"I know," said Annie. "I'll cut the mane off mine." She did, but it grew back in.

"I know," said Eva. "I'll cut the tail off mine." She did, but it grew back in.

In desperation they decided to measure the horses to find which one was the taller. Sure enough, the white horse was three inches taller than the black horse.

—o—

Miss Courtice: "Girls, at the end of this pointer you will find a failure in life, a person who will be of no value to the world."

9J Failure: "Miss Courtice, at what end of the pointer?"

—o—

Dr. Wingfield: "See here, Lillian, you can't sleep while I talk."

Lillian R.: "I could if you didn't talk so loud."

—o—

Mrs. Matheson: "Order, girls, order!"

Student: "Two ham on rye, please."

—o—

Paul K.: Mr. Riseborough, what do you call a man who drives a car?

Mr. Riseborough: It all depends on how close he comes to me.

—o—

Pa: Well, Son, how are your marks?

Jerry Voke: They're under water.

Pa: What do you mean, under water?

Jerry: Below "C" level.

—o—

Salesman: Here's a card with a lovely sentiment—"To the only girl I ever loved."

Bill Robinson: That's swell! Give me a dozen.

—o—

Cannibal King: What we got for lunch to-day?

Chef: Two old maids.

Cannibal King: Ugh, left-overs again!

—o—

Pat S.: Sometimes my father takes things apart to see why they won't go.

Ken H.: So what?

Pat: So I think you'd better go.

—o—

"Hey, you," shouted the policeman, addressing Albert Whyte who was driving through the city with his best girl beside him. "Use both hands."

"Can't do it," Albert replied. "I need one to drive with."

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Jokes



Cannibal Capers—

The old cannibal chief sat anxiously outside the hut of the tribe's witch doctor. That worthy individual finally appeared with a big grin on his face and announced, "Chief Nosebone, you are the father of a bouncing nine-pound baby boy. Do you want to take him with you or will you eat him here?"

—o—

Then there were the two cannibals who were strolling down the jungle paths when one asked, "S-a-a-y, who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

"Oh," said his friend, "that was no lady. That was my dinner."

—o—

Did you hear about the cannibal who finally got a taste of religion? He had a missionary for supper yesterday.

—o—

Cannibal Chef: Shall I stew both those cooks we captured from the steamer?

Cannibal King: No, one is enough. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

—o—

Audrey Edwards: Who is the greatest chicken-killer spoken of in Shakespeare?

June Cowell: Oh, I don't know.

Audrey Edwards: That's easy! Macbeth, because he did murder most foul.

—o—

The Cannon street bus was unusually crowded one morning. A passenger who was sitting next to the window suddenly buried his head in his arms. The man next to him asked anxiously, "Are you sick? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"It's nothing at all," the other assured him. "I just hate to see old ladies standing."

—o—

Wife: The doctor said at once that I needed a stimulant. Then he asked to see my tongue.

Husband (alarmed): Good heavens! I do hope he didn't give you a stimulant for that, dear.

A compliment is when you say something to another which he and we know is not true.

—o—

Ronnie W.: I hear you had burglars at your house last night.

Adele P.: Yes, they stole practically everything but the soap.

Ronnie W.: The dirty crooks.

—o—

Sue: Bob told me last night that I looked ethereal in the moonlight.

Laura: What did he mean by that?

Sue: I don't know, but I slapped his face just to be on the safe side.

—o—

Betty: When Bill insulted me, I told him I never wanted to see his face again.

Jane: What did he say to that?

Betty: Nothing. He just got up and turned out the lights.

—o—

Sign in the window of a piano studio in the downtown section of San Francisco:

"Piano Lessons. Special pains given to beginners."

—o—

"And are you really content to spend your life walking about the country begging?" asked the old lady severely.

"No, lady," answered the tramp. "Many's the time I wished I had a car."

—o—

Three very dashing young men swaggered into the local hotel. "Ginger ale," said the first after much deliberation. "Root beer," ordered the second. "Make mine milk," beamed the third; "I'm doing the driving."

—o—

A gentleman who became inebriated while in New York boarded a taxi at Broadway and 42nd, and, pointing to the revolving electric news signs, said, "Driver, jush follow tha' sign."

—o—

The policeman strolled up to the drunk who was leaning against a three-story building and remarked pleasantly, "Just what do you think you're doing here?"

"I'm holding up the building," declared the drunk solemnly.

"Oh, are you?" laughed the policeman. "Well, you better come with me and let the building fall down."

So the drunk went with the policeman and the building fell down.

A mother took her small son to the Egyptian room of a New York museum. After they had looked at the ancient objects on display there, the boy complained, "I see mummies all around, but where are the puppies?"

—o—

"Nurse," said the patient, "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get better."

"Don't worry, you won't," she said cheerfully. "The doctor's in love with me, too, and he saw you kiss me this morning."

—o—

The clergyman was condemning the use of cosmetics by girls. "The more experience I have of lipstick," he declared warmly, "the more distasteful I find it."

—o—

Mrs. A.: When did you first become acquainted with your husband?

Mrs. B.: The first time I asked him for some money after we were married.

—o—

Father: My son, I don't like to think you are at the bottom of your class!

Ratz: I can't see that it matters, Pa. They teach the same thing at both ends.

—o—

Mrs. Jones (to Mrs. Brown): This morning I gave a tramp five dollars.

Mrs. Brown: And what did your husband say to that?

Mrs. Jones: He said, "Thank you!"

—o—

Father: How is it, young man, that I find you hugging and kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?

Sailor: It's great, sir, really great!

—o—

Two autoists met in an alley too narrow to permit them to pass each other. One of the autoists rose in the car and shouted to the other, "I never back up for any fool!"

The other driver quietly put his car in reverse, backed out, and replied, "That's all right; I always do."

—o—

Tom Bishop called at the big business house to apply for a job that he had seen advertised.

"But, my dear man," said the manager, "you are much too late! Why, I've had over a thousand applications already!"

Tom looked thoughtful.

"Well," he said, after awhile, "how about employing me to classify the applications?"

Pat was set to work with the circular saw during his first day at the saw mill. The foreman gave careful instructions how to guard against injury, but no sooner was his back turned than he heard a howl from the novice, and, on turning, he saw that Pat had already lost a finger.

"Now, how did that happen?" the foreman demanded.

"Sure," was the explanation, "I was jist doin' like this when—bejabbers, there's another gone!"

—o—

A college student wrote to his father: "Dear Father, I am broke, and have no friends. What shall I do?"

His Father's answer: "Make friends at once!"

—o—

"So Sandy forgets his nationality when he takes you to dinner?"

"Yes, then he goes Dutch."

—o—

Passenger: Have I time to say good-bye to my wife?

Conductor: I don't know, sir. How long have you been married?

—o—

The optimist fell from the top story of a skyscraper. As he passed the fourth story, he was overheard muttering:

"So far, so good!"

—o—

A father was censuring his son for staying out late at night. Said he: "When I was your age, my father would not let me stay out after dark."

"Gee, Dad, your old man must have been an awful crab," said his son.

"How dare you, sir? I'll have you know that I had a better father than you have."

—o—

He: Now that we are married, perhaps I can point out a few of your defects.

She: Don't bother, dear. I know all about them. It's those defects that kept me from getting a better man than you.

—o—

Joe: I want to change my name, Your Honour.

Judge: What is your name?

Joe: Joe Stinks.

Judge: Well, I can't say that I blame you. And what would you like to change it to?

Joe: Charlie.

—o—

Moths can't grow big enough because they eat only holes.

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AUTOGRAPHS

EDUCATIONAL ARCHIVES
HERITAGE CENTRE

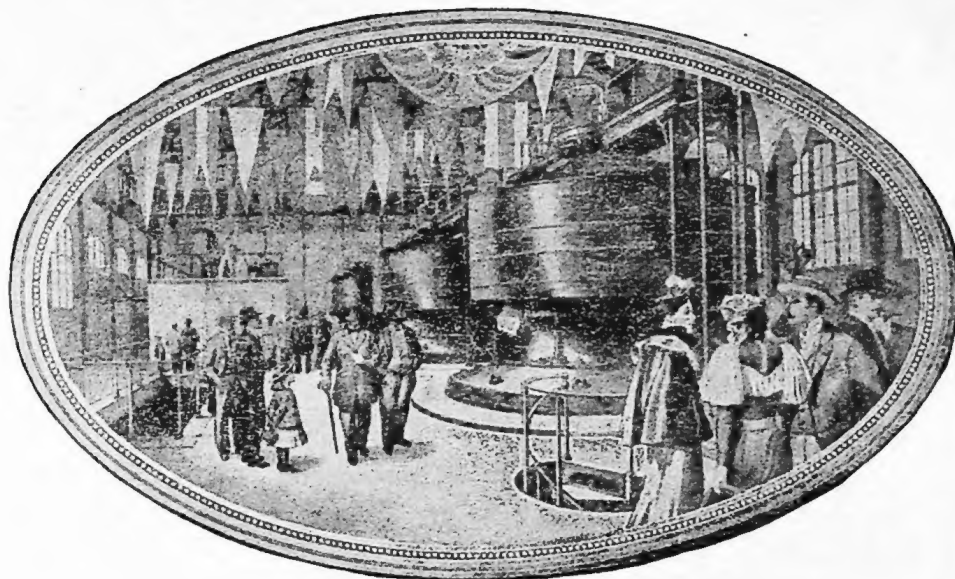
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AUTOGRAPHS

1846

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE CENTENNIAL

1946



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